CHICAGO LEDGER

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UNDER THE FLAG OF LAFITTE

The Story of John Owen, Gentleman, forced to become John Owen, Pirate—by a Popular Ledger Author

CHICAGO LEDGER

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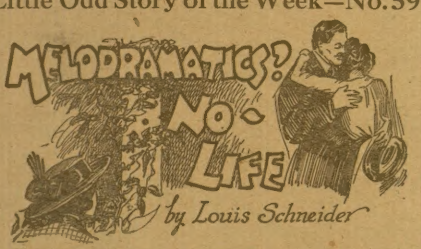
Little Odd Story of the Week—No. 59



by Louis Schneider

BIG, blond, carefree Andrew Merriam came to Oakwood from no one knew where, and in a straight, clean course laughed himself into the heart of the village. Rioting with joy, the heart of Esther Whitney without reserve hailed him as its conqueror. But of this Andrew, jolly good friend to all the world that he was, saw nothing. The rest of the little world of the village saw—and smiled. Some smiled with good will, and some shrugged a shoulder or lifted a brow as they smiled.

The angular, sharp-eyed mother of Esther smiled, too—a trace, one-sided, mordant. On the morning after the night on which Esther had maneuvered to have Andrew bring her home from a social affair in the village, the mother came quietly and faced her daughter.

"I've been watching you," she said in cool, level, straightforward tones. "I think I understand something of the feeling that you have for Andrew Merriam. There may be more than I think. Be careful."

Esther's breath stopped and her nails bit into her palms. Presently a tremor

(Continued on Page 15.)

What is Your Problem?

CONDUCTED FOR THE LEDGER
by VICTORIA GREY

Dear Miss Grey: Have read the Chicago Ledger for quite a while and I feel that I am acquainted with you. So may I please ask a question? I am 15 years old and am tall and thin. If you will only be kind enough and give me some advice as to what kind of dresses I would look good in, I would surely appreciate it. Yours truly, ANXIOUS.

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KURIOUS KAT: A widow does not remarry until two years after her first husband's death, without causing comment. If, however, she does marry within one year, she should lay off all mourning as soon as she decides to announce her second engagement.

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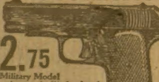

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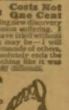

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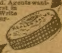

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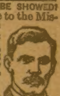

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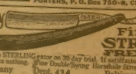

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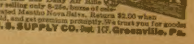

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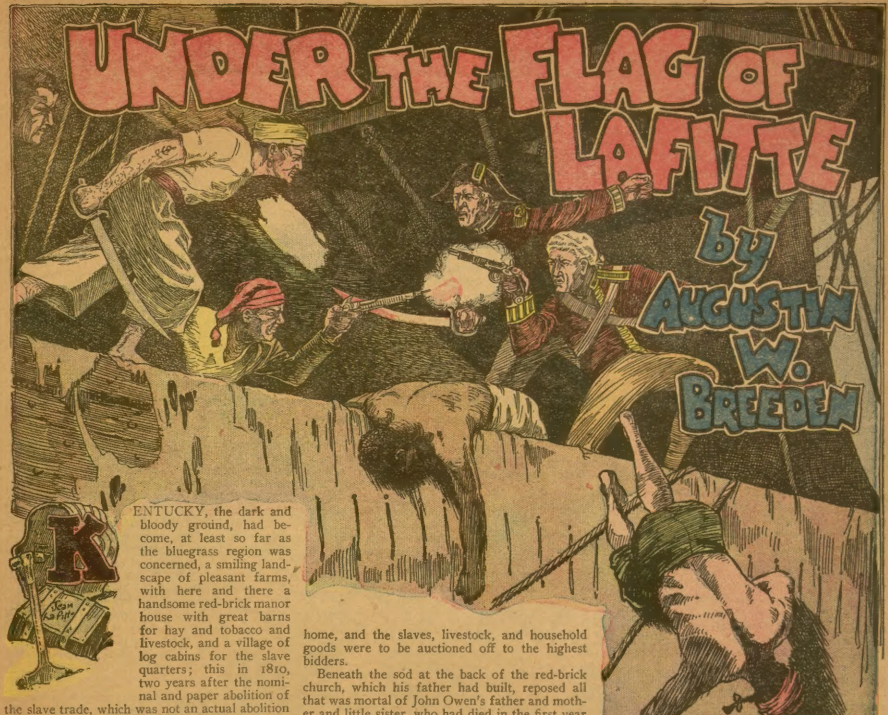


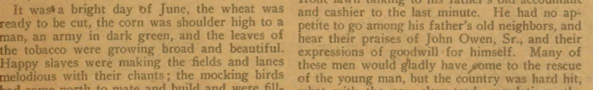
UNDER THE FLAG OF LAFITTE

by AUGUSTIN W. BREEDEN

KENTUCKY, the dark and bloody ground, had become, at least so far as the bluegrass region was concerned, a smiling landscape of pleasant farms, with here and there a handsome red-brick manor house with great barns for hay and tobacco and livestock, and a village of log cabins for the slave quarters; this in 1810, two years after the nominal and paper abolition of the slave trade, which was not an actual abolition of it in the Gulf and Mississippi regions at all, since slave-runners still sold their black chattels openly on the slave block of New Orleans and peddled contracts for job lots of them as far up the rivers as Cairo and Louisville. A land of smouldering discontent with the Government of the United States was Kentucky at this time, because the West felt that it had been mistreated by the Government at Washington on every point; and that discontent is partly at the bottom of this story.

This is the tale of a young man who, thru no fault of his own, found himself the plaything of an evil Fate and, rightly or wrongly, blamed his country for a goodly portion of his misfortunes; and of how this feeling rankled in his soul and warped his judgment and led him into various grevious errors and thrilling adventures, and introduced him to a strange band of men, the famous freebooters of the Gulf of Mexico led by the Lafitte brothers, Jean and Pierre, and that redoubtable old sea-dog, Dominique You, and another man famous or infamous along the Gulf coast, one Brahm Shihk, called "the Rajah."

It was a bright day of June, the wheat was ready to be cut, the corn was shoulder high to a man, an army in dark green, and the leaves of the tobacco were growing broad and beautiful. Happy slaves were making the fields and lanes melodious with their chants; the mocking birds had come north to mate and build and were filling the nights with harmony, and yet there was nothing but bitterness in the heart of John Owen. That day a British money-lender from New Orleans was to take formal possession of Owen Barony, his ancestral home, and the slaves, livestock, and household goods were to be auctioned off to the highest bidders.



Beneath the sod at the back of the red-brick church, which his father had built, reposed all that was mortal of John Owen's father and mother and little sister, who had died in the first year of her teens. That father, the first John Owen, had been a lovable man, always an invalid or almost so following a beating he had received at the hands of a British officer while he was a prisoner of war at Fort Ninety-six; a great scholar after the manner of the educated gentlemen of his day, but nevertheless a man of such force and executive ability and business acumen as to have carved out of the wilderness and built up the noble Owen Barony in middle Kentucky. And now to the chagrin of his son, the estate was passing into the hands of a hated stranger; the collection of books, many of them bought on special trips to the East and to England and France, was to be put up and sold to the highest bidder.

The crowd had already arrived; the auctioneer, a dapper little man in a swan-skin vest and frogged military coat, was passing from group to group trying to make himself affable, but being rebuffed for the most part by the gentry, who had nothing to do in a social way with such a pleb. John remained in the little office at the front lawn talking to his father's old accountant and cashier to the last minute. He had no appetite to go among his father's old neighbors, and hear their praises of John Owen, Sr., and their expressions of goodwill for himself. Many of these men would gladly have come to the rescue of the young man, but the country was hard hit, what with the new slave-trade regulations, the high tariff, the lack of roads, and the long water routes to any market that was worth while. They were most of them already themselves mortgaged to their eyes and felt keenly this affair that was occurring to John Owen as a thing that reasonably might some day happen to themselves. No wonder, then, that they gave the cold shoulder to the auctioneer, and spoke not at all to the English "gentleman" already installed with his family in the house.

As John Owen came forth he was greeted by Colonel Stutts, by Major Brownlea, and by Judge Hathaway, the latter a special friend of his father's in the old days, and father of Margaret Hathaway, whose bright eyes and merry smile had drawn John Owen to her from their childhood.

"We were just talking, John, about your father's library," said Colonel Stutts, the best-to-do man of the three, and indeed the only really prosperous man in that hard-smitten neighborhood. "I suppose it will be sold altogether, as a collection and not piecemeal?"

"Yes. It will be offered as a collection."

"Will you bid it in?"

"How can I? I am a pauper. Everything I own must go if my creditors are to be satisfied."

"Bid it in if you want to," shouted Bill Travener, a backwoods Kentuckian in a fox-skin cap, "an' the fust man starts bidin' agin you I'll punch him in the jaw. You've got a right to keep back somethin', an' books, ez I onderstand hit, hain't property at all. They're jes' sort o' keepsakes like letters an' the like, ain't they?"

John Owen had befriended Travener when his wife was down with typhoid, and the rough fellow would have committed murder at a nod from him.

"No, Bill, you're wrong," he replied. "Books are property like niggers and mules. They oughtn't to be, perhaps, but they are; and these of mine must bring a good price. I understand old Plug Ugly (the forecloser) will bid on them——"

"And old Plug Ugly won't get them," snapped Colonel Stutts. "Where's friendship, John, if I can't buy your father's library and keep it for you till you're ready and able to redeem it."

"Go ahead and bid it in for him," said Judge Hathaway. "Major Brownlea and I have just been talking it over this morning. We'll help you carry it till John is ready to redeem it."

A lump rose in John Owen's throat as he thanked these three for their friendly action on his behalf. It hurt him more, the thought of that collection going from him, than the loss of all the other property combined.

"Colonel Stutts," he went on when he had thanked them, "I came out here to ask a favor of you, and I find you forcing another favor upon me. It's about father's old counting-house man, Bradley. He'll be lost if some of you men can't take him on. He's fished in these streams and hunted in these woods and played with the children, rich and poor, of this neighborhood in his spare hours so long that he would be absolutely lost anywhere else. He isn't like me, I can go somewhere else and begin life again, as I will have to; but he—you see the predicament he's in."

"I'll take him on," said Colonel Stutts. "I'll have very little for him to do, but——"

"That's just the point I was going to raise," broke in John Owen. "Whoever takes him will have to give him work of some sort to do. He absolutely refuses to become an object of charity. If you haven't bookkeeping enough to keep him employed, let him look after your bees; he'd busy himself with that for hours and hours a day and imagine he was making money for you. God knows there's been little enough bookkeeping at Owen Barony for the past three years, and all of it on the debit side of the ledger, but I put him to looking after the grapes and the bees and to cataloging my father's library, and he has been entirely busy and entirely happy."

"Enough said," boomed Stutts in his big bass voice. "I need a man for just the kind of thing you are describing. I will take Tom Bradley and give him a small salary and guarantee him a home as long as I have one."

"And how about Aunt Lucinda?" asked Owen. "She's not much good, but—I realize I'm asking lots of favors—she won't bring much; a stranger wouldn't have her."

"I'll buy her," said Judge Hathaway. "Margaret spoke for her and Uncle Chad both. Any other of the blacks you'd like to have us buy in?"

"I'm interested in the welfare of them all," said John Owen, "but I can't ask any more favors of my neighbors; they'll simply have to take the best they can get in the way of new masters."

"I'm going to bid on your coachman, Sampson," said Judge Hathaway. "Margaret spoke for him, too; but here comes Margaret now; she can speak for herself."

At this moment Margaret Hathaway came up. She was a slim girl of 20 with a clear brown eye and a mischievous winning smile. Her eyes looked dewy now, as if she had been weeping and as if she would weep again at the smallest provocation. She came up to John, and he immediately invited her into the office. He asked the others in also, but they declined, divining the scene that would be enacted there between the two young people.

And while that sale went on with a great deal of extra good-natured noise, and some that was not so good-natured, John Owen never left that little office. It was like a death, the death of everything he held dear. Tom Bradley, his father's old bookkeeper, held the duplicate lists from which the auctioneer was offering the chattels, and from time to time Judge Hathaway took an active part whenever anything was obscure. The Judge had known in advance how it would be with John, and had prepared himself to act more or less as his agent, to prevent any frauds. Margaret was not to bid, the thing being considered unladylike in those days, altho she was to buy, thru her father, John's saddle horse Red Star and the three oldest family retainers, Uncle Chad and Lucinda, and Sampson, the coachman.

As the bidding went on she sat near John in a low, worn office chair and for the most of the time he held her hand like a nervous patient holding the hand of his nurse. From time to time they spoke in very low tones.

"I will look after the graves of your father and mother and after little Elizabeth's grave," she said.

Again she spoke: "Tom Bradley will still be able to look after your father's library, since Uncle Will Stutts is buying it."

Then they talked of John's plans.

"I hardly know what I will do," he said. "I must go elsewhere and make another start——" He was only just 21, a year older than the girl. He had the wide learning that constant reading in his father's library gave him and had the instincts and traditions of a gentleman, but of any useful trade or profession he knew nothing. He could kill a deer at two hundred yards, could ride a hundred miles with ease without leaving the saddle, could use a sword like a French nobleman, and play a banjo like an angel, and was a devil with his fists when he was roused; but none of these accomplishments had any commercial value.

"What will you do?" asked the girl earnestly.

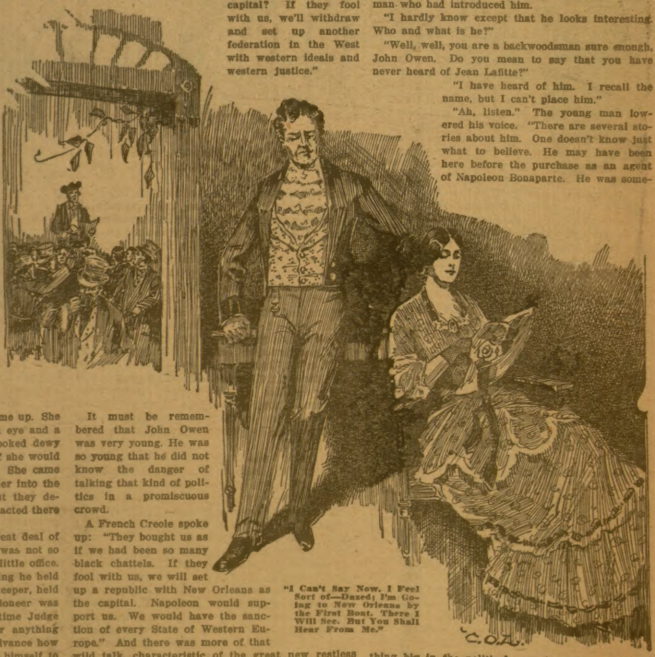
"I can't say now. I feel sort of—dazed. I'm going to New Orleans by the first boat. There I will see. But you shall hear from me."

CHAPTER II.

THE AFFABLE JEAN LAFITTE.

TEN days later John Owen of Kentucky was standing in the lounge of the Hotel Chatres in New Orleans engaged in what everybody else was doing there, since the place was a sort of political club, the radical club of New Orleans, talking politics.

"If Madison and that aristocratic Yankee Congress of his thinks we will stand for the kind of treatment they are awarding us in Kentucky and Tennessee, they are just mistaken, that's all." He said. "What do they think the United States is, any way? A Roman empire with Washington as the imperial capital? If they fool with us, we'll withdraw and set up another federation in the West with western ideals and western justice."



"I Can't Say Now. I Feel Sort of—Dazed; I'm Going to New Orleans by the First Boat. There I Will See. But You Shall Hear From Me."

It must be remembered that John Owen was very young. He was so young that he did not know the danger of talking that kind of politics in a promiscuous crowd.

A French Creole spoke up: "They bought us as if we had been so many black chattels. If they fool with us, we will set up a republic with New Orleans as the capital. Napoleon would support us. We would have the sanction of every State of Western Europe." And there was more of that wild talk, characteristic of the great new restless West and Southwest of that day.

And while the talk went on a gentleman entered the group, one who would be marked for a gentleman even in a party where every one was well-dressed. He was tall and extremely handsome, with an olive complexion, regular but high features of a very noble cast, a black mustache, a high forehead and an eagle eye. His bearing was that of a great military commander or the princely adviser of some king. John Owen was not surprised at the deference that nearly every man in the company showed him; he felt that deference himself without knowing who the great man might be. But even when he heard the name it meant little enough to him. Jean Lafitte? Yes, he had heard the name before, but where, when, under what circumstances he could not at the moment recall. Such is fame. A young man using French, since John had been speaking French, and rather fluently for a backwoods scholar, introduced Lafitte to him.

"Monsieur Lafitte, Monsieur Jean Owen of Kentucky."

"Ah! I have heard of the fame of the Kentucky riflemen. They are very excellent shots—is it not true?"

"We shoot, a little," said John modestly.

"And I have heard of the beauty and graciousness of your womenfolk," continued Jean Lafitte, not in any patronizing tone but rather in one of genuine interest.

"Our women are—sufficiently beautiful, sufficiently gracious."

"You are recently come to New Orleans, Monsieur Owen?"

"The day before yesterday."

"Ah then, you do not yet know the city as you will wish to know it. If you are not otherwise occupied I shall be pleased to have you to dinner with me tonight—at my address. Any one will tell you how to reach the place; may I be assured of the pleasure of your society?"

"I am honored by your invitation, Monsieur Lafitte; I am glad to accept."

There was a veritable line waiting to see the great man, whatever he might be, and John Owen backed out as it were and yielded his place to others.

"What do you think of him?" asked the young man who had introduced him.

"I hardly know except that he looks interesting. Who and what is he?"

"Well, well, you are a backwoodsman sure enough, John Owen. Do you mean to say that you have never heard of Jean Lafitte?"

"I have heard of him. I recall the name, but I can't place him."

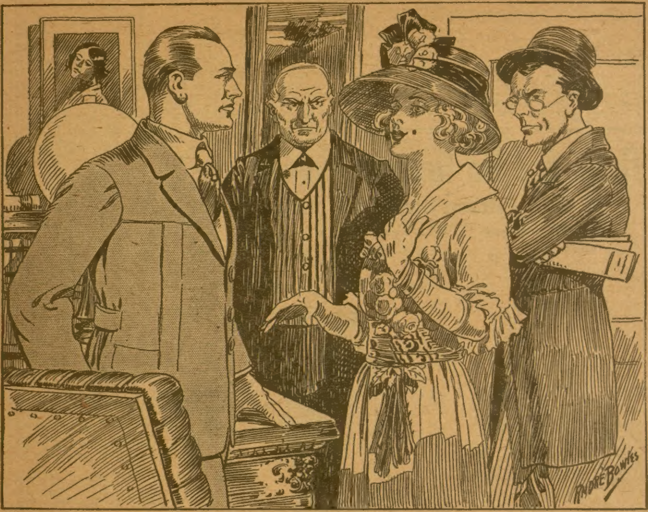
"Ah, listen." The young man lowered his voice. "There are several stories about him. One doesn't know just what to believe. He may have been here before the purchase as an agent of Napoleon Bonaparte. He was something big in the political way, in spite of his extreme youth, toward the end of the Revolution, possibly a young Girondist, who had to leave the country to save his hide. If that is true, he has made several trips back to Paris. Recently he and his brother Pierre have been engaged here in New Orleans in the prosaic occupation of running a blacksmith shop and horse-shoeing stable; oh, but on quite a large scale. But since the enforcement of the rule against the slave trade, he has been (the

(Continued on Page 16.)

Continuing the Adventures of Ward Sharlow Who Assumed the Identity of Another Man.

The Clash of Identities

By Harry Stephen Keeler



"We—Mr. Smelzman and I—Are Here to Discuss Compromise."

A Summary of the Opening Chapters

Practically penniless in Chicago, Ward Sharlow accepted an offer of ten thousand dollars from the mysterious Mr. Belzar to impersonate the latter's son for two weeks. Besides sixty-eight cents, all Sharlow possessed was a sealed message from his father, marked not to be opened until September 6, 1922.

Belzar proved to be John W. Atwood, proprietor of the Atwood Safety Catch for Passenger Elevators, and at the latter's residence Sharlow (for the time Calvin Atwood), after a thoro coaching, successfully passed the test of meeting Mammy Jackson, the old negro cook; Crimmons, the butler; Van Slyke, the hunchback secretary; and Othello, the family lawyer; only "grandpap," the imbecile father of Atwood, insisting that Sharlow was an impostor. In every particular Sharlow was Calvin's double, save for a birthmark, in the shape of a double elipse, on the forearm.

Atwood was about to reclaim a valuable emerald of his from an art institute exhibit when warned by Othello as to the danger of theft. The latter went on to speak of one "Count" Boris Melekoff, alias Cotile, alias Douglas Hartwell, alias Pat O'Cardigan. This man, he said, was a supercrook with a thousand identities, with, however, one positive mark of identification—a Siberian prison number, 99154, burned on his chest.

Then, suddenly, Atwood died of heart disease, and Sharlow, faced with the alternative of disclosing his true status or of remaining silent, read the sealed message from his father. It was indeed a shock, for he discovered that his name was not Sharlow, but Beatty, and that his father had been fleeced out of his invention by Atwood, his old partner.

This story began in No. 5, the Ledger for Feb. 3. Back copies can be obtained from our agents or newsdealers.

CHAPTER VI.

A SURPRISE.

THREE times in succession Sharlow read over the strange, bitter communication; then slowly, mechanically, he folded it up and tucked it safely back into the breast-pocket of the vest of the gray Norfolk suit. Chin in hand, he leaned forward, staring unseeingly toward the huge grate built into the library wall; but now on his face was a strange light—the light of triumph—the light of grim determination.

Now, as he looked back on his own life, a dozen puzzling facts became clear for the first time. He saw the meaning of various obscure allusions made in his hearing by Jason Sharlow, his supposed father, to Jane Sharlow, his supposed mother; allusions which now stood forth in their true light; that he was not their child by blood but by adoption only.

Now he could interpret that strange, haunting memory of a great white structure with a fence around it, of hundreds of overalled children sleeping in dormitories and eating from tin cups and plates. Now he could understand the meaning of the peculiar, blundering efforts made at different times by various relatives of the Sharlow family, after they had unwittingly made injudicious remarks in his hearing.

And the hitherto fortunate fact that his birthday—supposedly December 24—had always been celebrated, together with his Christmas, by one set of gifts only, now coupled itself, for the first time, with the poverty of Jason and Jane Sharlow. It was all too, too evident.

For the writer of the letter he found it difficult, at this late date, to feel the exact emotion of filial love; but a peculiar grim pity seized him when he pictured a human being lying alone and bitter in a public home for incurables, knowing that his death was approaching rapidly, that his child was in an orphan asylum, that a man's family a thousand miles away were living in comfort and wealth on the product of his own brain.

He clinched his hands and told himself gravely that Henry Beatty, not as his father, but as the victim of trickery and theft, should secure his revenge, if revenge were possible. A sudden revulsion of feeling swept over him now at his mental picture of Atwood, practical, calculating, cold, hard; and he smiled a half-smile as he thought how the fates had led their paths to cross as tho even they wished that he, Ward Sharlow, might fulfill the solemn charge of the man in the Denver Home for Incurables, the father he had never known.

For the first time in the whole puzzling chain of events of the past few days the explanation of his remarkable similarity to the original Calvin Atwood was revealed to Sharlow. The letter from his father had stated that his wife and Atwood's wife had been distant blood relatives. And just that bond of blood between them had been sufficient to produce a remarkable physical likeness between their respective offspring—both "throwbacks" to some predominating physical type far back in the family.

Indeed he felt a sudden relief sweep over him at finding a logical explanation of the strange phenomenon, which, unexplained before, had given him all the while an uneasy sense of eeryness.

But his next move. What was that to be now?

His intention of going to Othello next morning and confessing his share of the trickery Atwood was trying for some reason to put over had been swept away by this new development. Instead, so his instinct of combativeness told him, he was going to continue exactly along the same lines he had started, and when it was over, Henry Beatty, the man who had been cheated out of fifty thousand dollars and left to die, a public charge in a strange city, would be avenged; and the Atwood estate would be out that sum to a penny.

How to do it—that was the question. The Atwood estate, he judged roughly, was somewhere in the vicinity of two hundred thousand dollars in value. He had no way of knowing exactly. The holdings were in all likelihood real estate, plus the patent rights of the Atwood Safety Catch for Elevators.

If he were able to dispose of sufficient real estate to equalize the theft of twenty or more years ago and then disappear, the purchaser of the real estate, when the deception was discovered, would fail to have a perfect title from the genuine heirs and would lose it.

Hence—an innocent party would suffer the loss. The one who must suffer, however, must be the Atwood heir. And that, Sharlow knew, was the old man, feeble and childish, who sat the livelong day in the upper room staring, rheumy-eyed, off into space.

Poor old "grandpap!" And grandpap, oblivious of all that was going on about him in the big world, must be the objective of his attack. What a paradox it was! Youth, with its strength and wit, against age, with its feebleness and senility.

THIS SET Sharlow thinking on a new tack. Who were the legal heirs of grandpap upstairs? There were no other relatives except Calvin's cousins—Rosegail and Fisher Jephson of Elmo Junction, Ind. This being the case, they would come into the estate after grandpap was dead. And now he, Ward Sharlow, thru Atwood's own assistance, had diverted the whole inheritance into a different line entirely.

But the thought of Rosegail and Fisher Jephson brought back to his consciousness that, in order to further the apparent genuineness of his assumed identity, he must telegraph them at once of their uncle's death.

So he rose and, leaving the lights burning in the library, tiptoed out into the silent hall, closed the door, seized his hat from the hatrack, and made his way quietly down the steps of the Atwood residence into the night.

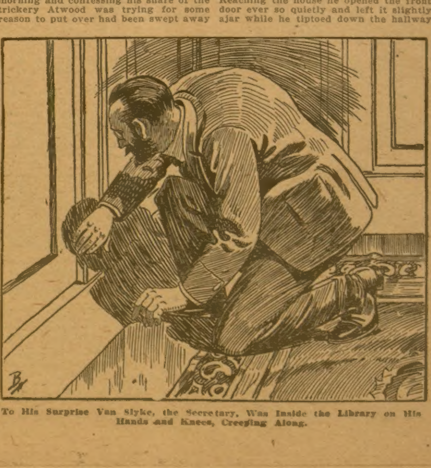
A few blocks walk westward brought him to a telegraph office on Clark street. He fumbled for a while with the pen and ink, then penned the following message:

> Rosegail and Fisher Jephson,
> Elmo Junction, Ind.
>
> Your uncle, John Atwood, died tonight suddenly from cardiac failure. Funeral will probably be Friday morning. Will make arrangements for your stay at house whenever you come. CALVIN.

Leaving the telegraph office he tramped back along Erie street. As he turned the corner of Lincoln parkway he cast his eyes vacantly toward the library he had left lighted up. Then he stopped short in surprise.

On the bottom of the window-shade he detected the shadow of a man's head moving over the half-opaque material.

He quickened his pace instantly. Reaching the house he opened the front door ever so quietly and left it slightly ajar while he tiptoed down the hallway



To His Surprise Van Slyke, the Secretary, Was Inside the Library on His Hands and Knees, Creeping Along.

to the library door. There he stooped and placed his eye to the keyhole.

To his suprise Van Slyke, the secretary, was inside the room on his hands and knees, creeping along one wall rapping at every few inches with his knuckles—tap! tap! tap! At the end of the room the bearded man arose stiffly and, looking anxiously, bewilderedly about the room, dropped to his hands and knees again and resumed his tap! tap! tap! along the opposite wall.

Sharlow, mystified at the keyhole, bit his lips in astonishment. "Now, why the devil is Van snooping around the library on hands and knees in my absence?" he said softly to himself. "The Atwood puzzle has suddenly grown a little deeper."

Then he turned the handle of the door and walked boldly in.

CHAPTER VII.

THE UNEXPECTED HAPPENS.

AT SHARLOW'S abrupt entrance into the library the man on the floor looked up, startled, from his hands and knees. He moistened his lips with his tongue, and nervously stroked the end of his reddish-brown Vandyke beard.

"Ah, Van," said Sharlow easily, "I thought you had gone to bed!"

"So I had, Mr. Calvin," said Van Slyke embarrassedly, peering upward thru his gold-rimmed glasses. "But—but I discovered that my—my watch-charm was missing. Old family heirloom, you know. It—it struck me that it must have dropped off my vest down here in the library." He rose hurriedly to his feet and brushed off his knees carefully. "So—so I ran down here and tapped on the door."

"And you found it?" asked the younger man solicitously.

Van Slyke shook his head, holding on to the electric ear-trumpet with one hand. "No, Mr. Calvin—no sign of it. I must have lost it outside. I searched every square inch of the floor."

"I see!" said Sharlow abruptly. "It may turn up tomorrow." He glanced meaningly toward the door. Van Slyke, catching the significance, saw that his former employer's son wished to be alone. So, edging over to the open door, he bowed himself out. "Good night, Mr. Calvin! Try—try to get some sleep, sir!" And his footsteps were tramping up the great stairs to the second floor.

After he had gone Sharlow closed the front door which he had left open, and again, shutting himself in the library, stood in the center of the room in bewilderment.

"Now, why—why in the devil is that bearded, crooked-back down here in my absence—tonight of all nights—searching along the floor and the walls? Is—is there a—a secret vault in this room that I know nothing about and he does? And what does he want to locate it for?"

A sudden, strange theory flashed into his mind as he recalled a supper-table conversation of several hours' previous.

"Could it be?" he queried to himself. "I wonder!" He paused. "It's not impossible—not impossible at all. And yet——" He bit his lips. He snapped open his watch which Atwood had purchased for him the night he had been fitted up as Calvin Atwood. "Only 1 o'clock in the morning! Well, boy, we'll have a little search on our own hook. What say?"

Immediately he stepped over to the library door and, hanging a table scarf over the doorknob, obscured the keyhole entirely. Then he dropped to his hands and knees and, retraced Van Slyke's entire path around the hardwood floor, examining the polished boards for the sign of a carefully built trap-door.

But not a sign of such a thing appeared. He threw back the rug a whole quarter at a time, examining all the space it covered, but there was no sign of anything but ordinary, parallel hardwood boards. Meticulously he examined the wall along the floor, clear around the room, even the baseboard; but he saw with half an eye that the whole room was architecturally normal.

He hesitated at the two small bookcases, but finally removed the books from each, a shelf at a time; scrutinizing the inside he found not a sign of any wall-safe or trap-doors built in the furniture.

It was 2 o'clock in the morning before he had satisfied himself by a most rigorous search of the whole room that absolutely nothing in the way of a secret hiding-place was in its interior. Then why and what was the bearded man searching for?

Sharlow shrugged his shoulders in irritation. He gave it up. The startling explanation that had just suggested itself to him made him wonder whether to discharge Van Slyke summarily as soon as the funeral was over, or to keep him for a while and watch his every move. He wondered also with a sense of disquiet whether Van Slyke, thru his intimate acquaintanceship with Atwood's personal affairs, could possibly suspect the strange masquerade that was being played there.

If so, it might not be the logical thing to antagonize him by a discharge—for his eyes held a keen, calculating, belligerent look in them. Old senile grandpap upstairs, dressed and undressed and fed daily by Crimmons, with his strange, uncanny instinct that Sharlow was not Calvin Atwood at all, was a disturbing enough factor in the game which was being played in that house.

It was barely possible that Van Slyke—if Van Slyke was the secretary's name—might be the one person in the whole household who could establish credence in the mumblings of the old man. And, also, there was the double ellipse—the birthmark—on the forearm of the dead Calvin Atwood!

He remained a while longer in the library, and then turned out the lights and went up to his own room. He undressed quickly and lay down in his bed. Perhaps as the real Calvin Atwood he would have lain staring on the bed for the rest of the night until the bright morning sun peeped above the blue edge of Lake Michigan, but as Ward Sharlow, a man tired from acting under a strain, a man bereaved of no one, a man with a mighty resolve in his heart, he fell into a restful sleep and woke up automatically in the morning as he heard footsteps moving about downstairs.

He dressed carefully, washed and shaved, and went downstairs to the dining-room. Breakfast was a solemn meal, with only himself and Van Slyke sitting across from each other in straight-backed chairs in the huge paneled dining-room, Crimmons serving the meal with a long, doleful, sad look on his face.

"I dare say you didn't sleep much last night, sir," he murmured to Sharlow as he poured the coffee. "None of us, sir, got much rest. The master's death was terribly upsetting!"

Sharlow shook his head. "No, Crimmons—it was a disturbing night for all of us. I'm afraid it will be some time before matters seem normal again. It's hard to believe he's gone. I think——"

A long ring at the doorbell interrupted his statement. Crimmons set down the silver coffee pot and answered the door. He returned a moment later with a yellow envelope which he laid by Sharlow's plate. The latter, seeing the name Calvin Atwood on it, picked it up and tore off the end. The contents of the telegram read:

Elmo Jnctn, Ind.
Calvin Atwood,
666 Linc Pkwny, Chgo:
Rosegail and I leaving Elmo Junction on early morning train. Arrive Chicago about ten in morning. My sincere condolences.
FISHER JEPHSON.

"Cousin Fisher and Rosegail arrive at 10 o'clock, Crimmons," Sharlow announced quietly. "Please have their rooms ready for them. They'll stay at the house till after the funeral."

"Let's see!" said Crimmons thoughtfully. "Last time they were here—they had the two guest-rooms on the first floor. Mr. Fisher at the side of the house underneath your room, and Miss Rosegail's across the hallway from his. I'll have the rooms ready, sir."

As soon as the meal was finished Sharlow arose. "Van, I shan't need you the rest of the day, I dare say. You're at liberty to go where you please!" And he repaired back to the library, now filled with sunshine of the morning.

There he remained pondering, figuring, calculating, studying over a dozen possible plans for righting the wrong suffered by the man Atwood had swindled, but no nearer was he to a solution by which he might subtract a huge sum from the Atwood estate without injuring an innocent outside party.

Long before he had reached even a tentative solution the doorbell rang, and a second later voices, one young and masculine, the other fresh and girlish, sounded at the outside door.

Fisher and Rosegail, the poor cousins of Elmo Junction, Ind., the two persons who knew the original Calvin Atwood better than any one in the world except Atwood himself, had arrived at last. And Sharlow found himself once more face to face with the ordeal of successfully taking the part of another individual.

To the quiet tap of Crimmons on the library door, Sharlow answered: "Come in!"

THE door opened. In the opening stood a girl, who, for a second, quite took Sharlow's breath away. She was slender and graceful, clad in a neatly fitting silk suit of black-and-white stripes, with a wonderful little black-and-white-striped hat on her head, tied under her neck with silk ribbons. Her dancing black eyes matched her equally jet-black hair, which was done into a cluster of little ringlets.

In height she was scarcely more than five and a half feet. Her cheeks bore that wonderful real pink that comes only from the sun and wind and rain that sweeps over a tiny country town that peeped out from her warm smile were white and even.

At her shoulder stood a young man, perhaps 28 years in age. He was dressed in a loud suit of the mail-order variety, with vivid stripes of green in it, and rather obtrusive buttons sewed on the pockets. His shoes were tan—yellowish, garish. His face was pronouncedly sallow under the sleekly brushed black hair, and his upper lip was adorned with a rather foppish, embryonic mustache.

Even before the newcomer spoke Sharlow, standing in the middle of the library, was struck by a peculiar thing; the air of utter discontent and envy and jealousy that seemed to radiate from the half-closed eyes of the youth, and the contrasted air of utter joyfulness and love of life that radiated from the very poise of the girl.

And when a second later they spoke to him the man's voice bore out exactly the mental estimate that Sharlow had made of him; for it was the voice of dissatisfaction, of covetousness of the good things that others had; and, the girl's voice was the rare voice of a woman who was happy because every one else in the world was happy. She was the first to greet him, advancing into the library, her smile fading.

"I am so, so sorry, Calvin!" she said softly. "We have not really come to realize the blow yet."

Sharlow thrust out his hand toward her, remembering just in time before he spoke that as Calvin Atwood she and her brother were to him "Doll" and "Fish." And, indeed, he thought as he feasted his eyes upon her, she lived up to her name, for she was a little doll, animated, real, human.

"Come in, Doll—and Fish!" He glanced toward Crimmons. Take Fisher's and Rosegail's luggage to their rooms, Crimmons. And close the library door."

He pointed to the nearest chairs. "Sit down, both of you. Yes, it was a terrific shock to all of us. It came out of a clear sky."

Fisher dropped into one of the chairs, and Rosegail into the other. The young fellow's next remark was one which, under real circumstances of bereavement, would have been offensive; as it was, Sharlow was more easily able to gage the envy that bit into the small-town man's soul.

The latter looked about the splendidly furnished library. Then he glanced toward Sharlow. "And now, Cal, you're the sole heir of all Uncle John's holdings. It—it must feel rather odd, doesn't it? It——"

"Fisher!" The shocked exclamation came from the girl. "Calvin isn't thinking of such things as that. He—he's lost his father. He's——"

"Forgive me, Cal!" said the youth, evidently shamed by his sister's mortification. "I didn't mean anything by it. I'm awfully sorry to hear that Uncle Atwood's dead! He—he—gave me one hundred dollars once, and——" He bit his words off short, evidently realizing that again he had betrayed a soul that revolved around the great American dollar.

To even as poor a psychologist as Ward Sharlow, it was evident that in Fisher Jephson there was not a human feeling for anything in the world except what might accrue to him in a financial way. He was a distinct type of the rich man's poor relative.

Rosegail broke the embarrassing silence. "We did not even know you were home from Flathead Lake, Calvin," she said. "It is good that you got home in time—to see your father before—before it happened. You should feel thankful for that!" She paused. "And, oh, how good you look! When you said good-by to us at Elmo Junction, some seven months back, you were the picture of woe and a run-down system."

Sharlow became suddenly tense. He saw now, for the first time, that he must be unusually guarded in his talk with these two people. It was more than evident that Calvin Atwood must have run down to Elmo Junction before departing for Flathead Lake, Montana. Also, Atwood, in his several pages of carefully written data, had not bothered to include much of the little but delicate details of incidents in which Calvin Atwood had figured with his two cousins during past years. Indeed, he must be meticulously careful in his whole handling of the conversation.

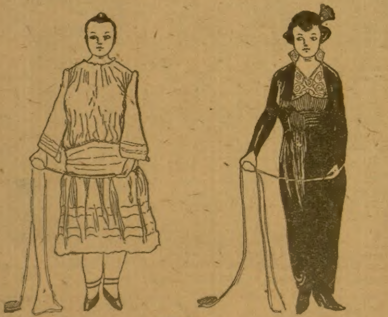
So he at once steered the talk over to the tragic incident of the night before by describing in detail the calm meal and its unexpected termination. For a long

(Continued on Page 19.)

There Are No Homely Women!

No. 6 of Fifteen Striking Proofs

By the Author of "What Is Your Problem?"



FATNESS.

IN THE opinion of many people—and in mine, incidentally—fatness may be as charming as slenderness. The little fat lady may often be as dainty as the slender one—often more so—and along with this daintiness, she carries a certain coziness, a certain soft, rabbit-like nestling quality which the thin girl can scarcely boast. A soft white throat, velvet arms and a baby-round chin are more charming any day than a bony neck, hard, sinewy arms and a pointed chin.

These attributes must be made the most of. If they are hidden, one is nothing but a stout person.

The thing to do is perhaps not to try to hide your fat, but to make an attribute out of it. Of course, a loose flowing sleeve hides a fat arm—but how much better it is to SHOW a fat arm, for the arm can scarcely ever be too plump for beauty.

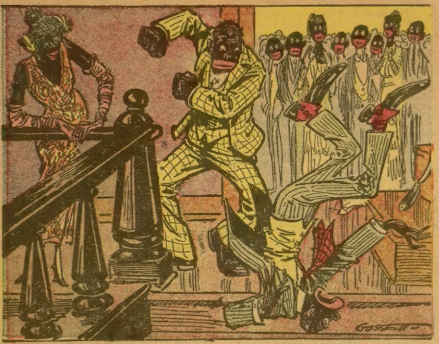
A great many fat girls think, too, that by combing the hair tightly away from the face, a thinner appearance is presented. The girl in figure one, here, thinks so also. The fact is, on the contrary, that the face looks fatter by contrast, the contrast being with the amount of hair showing.

These girls also think that by drawing the belt bow over the abdomen a thin effect is produced likewise. This is a decided misapprehension.

The fat girl should dress in dark colors trimmed with brilliant ones. The fabrics should be of very light weight and texture and very soft and clinging as heavy-weight fabrics drape and gather too clumsily. A good bit of the lovely chest should always show and a delicate, high collar in the back will often show to great advantage the pretty side lines of the neck and chin. High heeled shoes with no ankle straps and stockings the same color are best. A jeweled comb and a crescent bang give an oriental piquancy to almost any fat girl. These things and a dress that is long and follows the form very closely—and I defy any merely fat girl to be unattractive.

Tooth Must Be Served

By Henry C. Vance



With This Flying Start, He Made the Entire Flight of Stairs at One Roll, and the Knife He Had Flourished So Menacingly, Buried Its Blade Harmlessly in the Ceiling.

"AH SAYS Ah's got dis dance wid dis gu'l, an' by all means, niggah, don't get me stawmy, don't get me stawmy! When Ah gets stawmy Ah can do mo' damage in a minnit dan dat gallivantin' Galveston flood could in a week." Tarbaby Johnson, heavyweight champion of negro pugilists, glared menacingly.

Horatio Tuggle, just as black, and fully as angry as the big ringman, but by no means as bulky, glared defiantly and held his ground. As a matter of fact there was a gleam of steel in the little negro's hand, which the perturbed Tarbaby had failed to note.

Miss Ambrosia Bennett giggled. When two men fought over a dance date with her Ambrosia always giggled. She had seen much Afro-American blood spilled by virtue of just such arguments. She might see more. She hoped so.

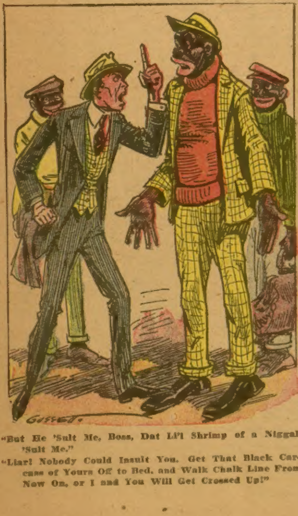
As splutterings and wrath gathered momentum, so did the strains of "Strut, Mis' Lizzie." This syncopated jazz melody rolled vigorously over the ballroom, and Miss Ambrosia's insteps began to itch. She was losing much good dance time. She fidgeted.

"Yo' men's hurry up an' get dis thing settled," she giggled. "Ah didn't come down heah to be a statue. De palms of mah feet is res'less. See who de bestes' man an' get de thing ovah wid. Knock him fo' a row of nasturtiums, Tahbaby, deah, if'n yo' can. If he isn't got de punch, Horatio, dollin', let de steel trus' produck get busy."

Tarbaby Johnson's fist traveled only a few inches, but Horatio Tuggle's flying form went much further. The contact of that fist transplanted Horatio from the water-cooler sector of the hall to a disadvantage point in close proximity to the back stairs. With this flying start, he made the entire flight of stairs at one roll, and the knife he had flourished so menacingly, buried its blade harmlessly in the ceiling.

It looked like a free-for-all.

Factions began assembling to fight it out, and the air grew quite sulphurous. At this tense moment Joe Wood, accompanied by two trusty trainers, descended upon the seething inferno, grabbed the defiant Mr. Johnson roughly by the arms, and used a flying wedge formation in making an opening for the main entrance.



"But He 'Sult Me, Boss, Dat Li'l Shrimp of a Niggah 'Sult Me."
"Liar! Nobody Could Insult You. Get That Black Carcass of Yours Off to Bed, and Walk Chalk Line From Now On, or I and You Will Get Crossed Up!"

"Slide out of here!" shouted the perturbed Mr. Wood in the ear of his protege. A white man—the only one in the room—had spoken, and the words of the white man were law with Tarbaby Johnson. He slid.

Once in the street, and removed from any danger of casualty lists, Wood gave vent/ to his spleen. Joe was an adept at this art. He had managed "Slam" Sanford when that worthy was in his prime. He had attended to business matters for a half dozen other fighters of Afro - American persuasion, but Tarbaby Johnson was the most troublesome protege he had ever looked after. Tarbaby had a knack for getting into more trouble than any pugilist Joe Wood had ever seen. But he was worth it. Tarbaby looked like a coming champion.

"Dancing tonight, and a big fight just two days away!" raged Wood.

The big negro grinned. "Wasn't dancin'. Li'l niggah objected. He wouldn't go on while he was all togethah." He brushed imaginary bits of dust from his massive shoulders, as if the fleeting contact with the horrendous Horatio had been contaminating.

"But you were trying to dance," wailed Joe. "Now ain't it so, you big spoofer?"

"Yassuh, Ah guess it is. Mebbe it was a hunch. Dis Crowfoot Tompkins, whut Ah meets Friday night, is a dancin' fool, when he gets in de ring. Mebbe Ah wanted to get onto a few of his steps?"

"Nigger," spake Joseph, "if I catch you pulling any more stuff like this, I and you are going to part company, do you hear me?" Of course Tarbaby heard. Everybody in the block did. "Think I want to raise up a nigger till he gets to be a drawing card, and then lose him on account of broken training rules, jaws, brawls and the like?"

Tarbaby was on his dignity now, and sulking a bit. "But he 'sult me, boss. Dat li'l shrimp of a niggah 'sult me."

"Liar!" shouted Joe. "Nobody could ever insult you. Get that big black carcass of yours off to bed, and walk a chalk line from now on, or I and you will get crossed up. Don't get me riled, nigger, don't get me riled. I put Slam Sanford out'n commission for a week once when he riled me."

Tarbaby Johnson smiled. Slam Sanford! Joe Wood was forever recounting the punishment he had doled that protege. It was amusing to big, black Tarbaby. He knew that Joe was drawing on a vivid imagination, and had told the yarn so much and so enthusiastically that he had really come to believe it. Still, Tarbaby was perfectly sure Joe had never done the terrible Slam bodily harm, unless perhaps he had beaten him with heavy iron stake-drivers commonly used in circusland. Tarbaby always took his grins inwardly on these occasions, however, realizing the crafty Joe had done much for him in a pugilistic way. He could silently laugh at these idle boasts, but he couldn't afford to let Joe see him in the act.

He drawled a "good night" to his boss, assured him, "Yassuh, Ah's gwine right to retiah," and shuffled off up the street, accompanied by his two black trainers, and a grin, which put on display a double row of tombstonian teeth.

Joe heaved a sigh of relief and soliloquized: "That nigger will be the death of me yet."

THE incident of the dance rankled in Horatio Tuggle's breast. He had been made the subject of much kidding. Horatio had never been kidded before. He always kept his knife blades too sharp, and too handy. Up to the memorable evening when Tarbaby Johnson had chucked him thru air and down the stairway at Thompson's Terpsichorean Temple, members of the colored social set had held Horatio in awe. Those few who had not held him in awe had repented at leisure and hospitals. Still, it is ever the case when a bully falls, his descent is a hard and swift one. Having seen him humbled by Tarbaby, belittled in the eyes of the charming Ambrosia, and cognizant of the fact that he had taken on a fractured rib and a limp, by virtue of too sudden contact with a hardwood floor and sharp-cornered steps, former tremblers before Horatio stepped out of their silence and the downfall of the bully became common gossip.

Even Ambrosia had sought to turn up her nose at the vanquished Brutus. She had good control of her nasal sector, too. It tilted skyward at an angle of forty-five degrees every time she passed him on the street.

All these things piled an unbearable grudge upon the shoulders of Horatio. He started an open boast. "Ah'll get him yet!" Following such assertions he would fondly pat the hip pocket, where his knife blade constantly rested. "Ah'll run dat niggah out'n town. No pusson has evah 'sulted Horatio Tuggle an' tol' of it, 'ceptin' mebbe by long-distance 'phone, or correspondence."

Ambrosia, of course, heard of the threat and adopted a policy of watchful waiting. She craved excitement. The severing of a man's head from his shoulders meant little in her young life, except that it furnished excitement fuel. What was one little severed head among friends? That was the way Ambrosia looked at it. It would seem she had been thoroly Salomed, as regarded severed heads.

The object of all this intrigue, Tarbaby Johnson, heard of it, too. The ponderous pug, however, merely smiled, and went ahead in putting the finishing touches to his training.

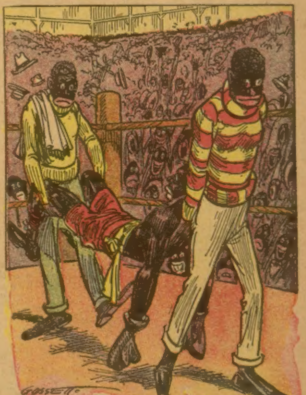
On the night of the big fight between Crowfoot Tompkins and Tarbaby Johnson, the stands were packed in the roped-off reservations which had been made for the colored patronage. Horatio Tuggle was there, his jetty complexion shining under the huge arc lights. Ambrosia Bennett occupied a seat, too. Horatio waved bills in the air and bet his money against Tarbaby, the turbulent.

"De yallah rascal will lay down to Crowfoot," he shouted loud enough for Ambrosia to hear, yea, even the audibility of the tones carried to ring-side, where Tarbaby's seconds were adjusting the ropes and sprinkling rosin in his corner. Joe Wood heard the sneering remarks, and they even penetrated the becauliflowered ears of Tarbaby as he shuffled down the aisles and thru the ropes. "He's yallah—all yallah!" bawled Horatio.

It sounded a bit paradoxical, that shouted assertion.

Instead of being yellow—all yellow—Tarbaby was black—all black. The ace of spades looked like the flag of truce, when compared to Johnson's complexion. But, of course, Horatio's main idea was an attempt to break down the morale of the enemy.

Rather than creating the desired effect, however, these insults seemed to put the reverse English on matters. One minute after the gong had sounded for the first round, Crowfoot Tompkins measured his length upon the canvas, and from all appearances had decided to leave a call with the bell-boy for seven the next morning. Crowfoot never really knew what hit him, but the next day, when he reviewed his battered reflection in the mirror, he decided it must have been nothing short of a cyclone.



Crowfoot Never Really Knew What Hit Him, but the Next Day When He Reviewed His Battered Reflection in the Mirror, He Decided It Must Have Been Nothing Short of a Cyclone.

First, Horatio had been broken-spirited by his personal combat with Tarbaby. His next step downward was to become broken-walleted. In his conquest for revenge he had let his better judgment be swayed, and had wagered his last dime on Crowfoot Tompkins. As a consequence his fury mounted still higher, and he became more thoroly saturated with the revenge obsession.

At the weekly ball, which followed at Thompson's Terpsichorean Temple Horatio mounted the cold-drink ice box, flourished a glistening blade, and shouted: "Stop de music!"

The orchestra came to an abrupt halt on a sour note, the slide-trombone stopping dead in its tracks on an unfinished note. The musicians, it would seem, still had respect for Horatio's ability as a carver.

"Ladies an' gen'mens," he shouted. "Ah is made de 'sertion dat Ah is gwine run dis big, black box-fightah out of town. Is dey any one heah who is evah seed Horatio Tuggle go back on his wu'd?"

Silence pervaded the room.

"Ah say, is dey anybody heah, who is evah knowed Horatio Tuggle to go back on his wu'd?"

The knife-blade slid across the sole

of his shoe, as he interrogated his audience, and he glared menacingly into this black sea of faces. The assemblage, fearing the consequences, rushed to chorus: "No!"

And, the echo answered, "No."

A little figure in georgette crepe immediately followed the echo, however. It was Ambrosia Bennett. She swished ice-boxward, and occupying the center of the stage she held her hand aloft for silence. Then—"Horatio Tuggle, yo' makes us all mo' or less nauseated. Evah since Tarbaby picked yo' up lak yo' was a short-weight pound of beef-steak, an' sent yo' skedaddlin' down de steps by de bouncin' process, yo' is been braggin' bout'n how yo' is gwine run him out'n town. Ah rises to remahk dat Brothah Johnsing is still in ouah mist, an' is still havin' his mail sent here."

This speech seemed to give the crowd a little boldness. A series of snickers followed and one or two guests were actually brazen enough to contribute guffaws in support of Ambrosia's oratory.

As the little woman surveyed him with hands upon hips, Horatio was nonplussed for the moment, but enjoyed an early return of equilibrium. The whetting process of the knife upon the sole of his shoe, and his menacing glare, commanded and received silence once more.

He looked benevolently toward his former charmer and replied: "If he is still in town why'nt he at de dance tonight? Dis is de fus' shindig he's missed since de desecrated ouah fair city wid his presence. Wheah is de fo'-flushah now?"

Horatio had won a point. Tarbaby had been promiscuous by his absence. The crowd had wondered why? He was an ardent dance devotee. Ambrosia was made the target for all eyes now.

She held her ground and defiance, however. "Simply 'cause he's in bed wid de chills and de fevah."

Mr. Tuggle had been spurred on to repartee by the turn of events in his favor. "Tell him to get all de chills he possibly can, fo' dey ain't gwine be no chills comin' to him wheah Ah's gwine sen' him." The knife went to the sole of his shoe again, and the crowd burst out in an uproar of hilarity. Ambrosia apparently knew when she was beaten, for she disappeared in the crowd and gave up debate.

IN TRUTH, Horatio Tuggle was a coward at heart, and his boasts, following the humiliation Tarbaby had heaped upon him, had been made in an idle sort of fashion. Taking stock of himself he had doubted if he could make good his boasts. But the fact that Tarbaby had not been recently seen in his old haunts, gave Horatio food for thought, and he reasoned his threats had been responsible for the pugilist's sudden desire for seclusion. Reasoning thusly his courage had returned, and the same bullying attitude, which had made him monarch in Darktown, had gradually crept back into his system.

Tarbaby Johnson was experiencing the first illness which had come upon him since his inauspicious advent into this vale of tears. He had never known the taste of medicine. He had gone out after appetitular honors with the appearance of the first two teeth. As other molars erected themselves in his bums with tombstone prominence and whiteness his ravenuosity had gathered momentum. Tarbaby had always boasted, without fear of contradiction, that he could make more chops disappear at one sitting than any living man. He excavated in pie-pans in a way that caused the boarding-house budget to soar for a new altitude record. Pork and beans, eight-ply steaks, roasts, stews, barbecusine, hashes, pastries, turn-overs, cobblers—everything starchy had fallen before his biscupid onslaught with monotonous regularity.

Finally, however, this imposition upon a truckhorse stomach began to tell, and as an aftermath over his victory with Crowfoot Tompkins, Tarbaby found himself an involuntary passenger for the hotel bed, with a tongue-gazing medico appearing upon the scene, taking temperatures and symptom notes. The doctor's prescriptive powers were wonderful, and he ordered a shipment of medicine and room confinement for the illustrious Tarbaby.

It was not until the fourth day of Johnson's indisposition that Joe Wood elected to visit him, and Joe found his power phenom looking very much the worse for wear. He also found Miss Ambrosia Bennett paying a sympathetic visit. Ambrosia explained that flowers for the sick room were almost indispensable, and therefore she had worn a corsage bouquet of American beauty roses to cheer the convalescing clouter.

Wood, tho not thoroly versed in what was or wasn't apropos, thought it would have been much better and more generous had Ambrosia elected to bring the flowers and place them in a vase at his bedside, instead of wearing them to enchance her pulchritudinous splendor. But inasmuch as Ambrosia seemed satisfied that she had done the generous and sympathetic thing, and also by virtue of the fact that Tarbaby looked upon her decision as quite the proper thing, Wood held his tongue regarding the self-worn floral offering. Failing to comment at all upon this matter he scrutinized Tarbaby Johnson.

The weakened pug was undergoing the period of convalescence, and looked like he might be on the road to a gradual recovery, but nevertheless, the calomelodrama inflicted by the attending physician had left the patient rather inanimate and listless. Tarbaby had always been fast black in the truest sense of the word, as to complexion, but the effects of a post-graduate course in the mercurized concoction had caused a fade-out process until his usually jetty features had turned rather grayish and ashen.

"Looks like a cyclone had hit you," contributed the cheerful Mr. Wood.

"And feels wuss," groaned Tarbaby. "Dis heah medicincopation ain't whut it's cracked up to be." He tried his best to put on display a grin of gameness.

"De deah man is really had hisse'f a battle again 'stended illness," spoke up Ambrosia, "but de doctah man say he is passed dé crissis, an' on de road to recovahry."

Wood looked upon the infatuated visitor with a bored and indifferent expression. Finally he asked: "Ambrosia, it seems you've got my box-fighter in one of them infernal, eternal triangles. What's all this I hear about the sporty little knife-wielder threatening to run my man out of town? My trainers was spilling a line of gab to that effect this morning."

Tarbaby was feeling even too weak to perk up his ears at this remark.

Ambrosia's blush could be detected thru her mahogany-tinted cheeks. Her grin was a guilty one. "Oh, yo' is speakin' of Horatio Tuggle. Horatio is threatened to take his frog-stickah an' carve a dividin' line in Tahbaby's neck. But Mistah Johnsing ain't worrited. Tahbaby could spot dat boy all de cutlahry in town and den make him fletchah'ze his wu'ds an' swallah 'em."

Praise from Ambrosia even went further than praise from Sir Hubert with Tarbaby. He grinned an acknowledgment of the compliment.

"Tarbaby is here to administer knockouts, but he's supposed to get at least a coupla thousand for each one," volunteered the mercenary Mr. Wood, "and I don't want him going 'round giving free knockouts to nobody as souvenirs, get me?"

"Yassuh, Ah gathahs yo'," replied Ambrosia. "Still, dat Horatio pusson do shake a wicked tongue, an' he's been piling insult aftah insult up on Tahbaby. He is eben braggin' openly dat as soon as Mistah Johnsing is up an' about dat he's gwine whittle some on his 'natomy or make him tuck his head an' run out'n town."

She looked over toward her adored pugilist and he reassured her with an Amazonian grin. "Ain't nobody nevah run me out'n town yet, onless Ah happened to be chasin' dat somebody."

"Yep," responded Wood, "this Tuggle nigger will be the most gloomerous person this side of the mortuary columns if he tries to start any funny business with Tarbaby. And, you might tell him so for me."

"Ah isn't tellin' him anything, fo' Ah isn't speakin' wid him, or at him," admitted Ambrosia. "Still, th'u de channels of heahsay, Ah un'stan' dat Horatio is been heard to remahk dat he wouldn't hit a good man when he was down or a convalesson when he was up, but as soon as Tahbaby get puffeckly well an' able to take nurrishment, dat he's gwine have a secon' sick spell, an' dat Horatio Tuggle is gwin be 'sponsible fo' Mistah Johnsing's second visit to de hospital."

Before Joe Wood left the sick room he gathered the information that Tarbaby's medical adviser had promised to have him in shape for gym work within a few days. He had outsat Ambrosia to advise Tarbaby as to the great benefits to be derived from eluding love tangles, romances, and the like. He felt that his fighter's attentions to the caramel-colored siren, had by no means boosted his efficiency in surmounting obstacles that might come before him in a hemped-in enclosure.

TARBABY'S return to gym work did not effect his return to normalcy by any means, however. The big husky specimen, who had always wolfed down any epicurean collection that might be placed before him, suddenly discovered that his stomach rebelled, and that it took a more delicate form of cuisine to tickle his palate than formerly. He also began losing weight at a startling rate of speed. He worried and brooded over this status, and when he could fathom no solution, or remedy, he took his troubles to Joe Wood. Joe realized that the loss of so much weight would eventually make for a reduced punching power, and he advised that Tarbaby get in touch immediately with a specialist, or dietitian, and learn the cause for this abominable abdominal rebellion.

Tarbaby followed this advice to the letter. Without further parley he effected a visit to Doctor Sidney Willoughby, one of the leading white specialists of the city. It was a dejected and crestfallen Tarbaby that awaited audience with the famous specialist in the reception room. Mr. Johnson looked like he might be preparing to attend a funeral as the doors of Doctor Willoughby's private office opened and the specialist beckoned Tarbaby. By no means did he resemble one attending a funeral when he made exit from the consulting room, however. He came out on a near-run. He hurried down the street almost at a lope. He hysterically threw his belongings into a grip at the hotel and in less than fifteen minutes he was on the railway station's platform awaiting arrival of a train. Tarbaby didn't know where he was going, but unquestionably he was on his way. He was perturbed almost to the bursting point. The lines of anxiety in his face told that he wanted above all else to get away from there, to hide himself in some environment where he could forget Joe Wood, forget the voluptuous Ambrosia. Ambrosia? Horrors! That name stabbed him to the quick, with his stomach in such a state of chaos. Who was the guy who put the pep in dyspepsia, anyway?

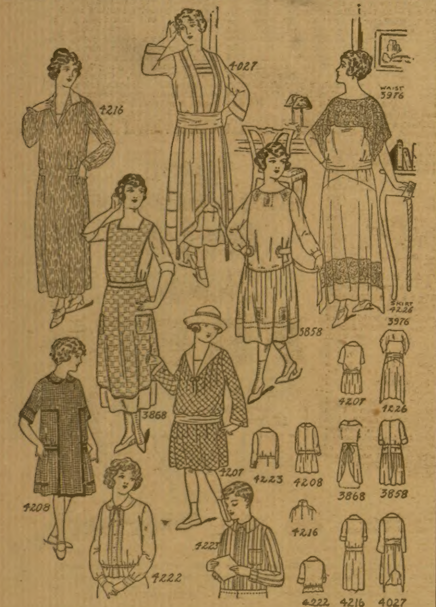
Tarbaby Johnson left no written word for Joe Wood. He did not even show interest enough to bid his inamorata adieu. As for Horatio Tuggle, that worthless foe had thoroly escaped Mr. Johnson's mind. He had trouble that was trouble indeed.

As the days passed and Joe Wood did not hear from his black pugilistic plague, he began to tear his remaining few hairs in rage. Tarbaby had disappeared as completely as if the earth had gulped him down at one swallow. Wood realized that a meal-ticket had vanished, that a man who he had coached high into the ranks of things ringesque had left him flat. That was gratitude for one, reasoned Joe. That was appreciation for the painstaking efforts he had made in Johnson's behalf. Ah, for a tip that might lead to his whereabouts! He felt sure he could persuade the fugitive to return to the fold, if he could get within earshot for an eloquent plea. Why had Tarbaby Johnson deserted him, with several fine prospective fights in view?

Miss Ambrosia Bennett felt that she, too, had a kick coming. Wasted was the favor she had bestowed upon the ungrateful Tarbaby. Never before had she made it so plain to a wooer that she was in thoro accord with his every wish. She had discarded the hateful Horatio for Tarbaby. She had publicly championed Johnson's cause, and had repudiated the Tuggle terror, almost to the point of humiliation. And, here were the thanks she got for it! The favored gentleman friend had left town without even saying good-by.

Horatio took the mysterious departure as self-confessed cowardice upon Johnson's part. Mr. Tuggle exultantly kidded himself that he had been responsible for the vamoosing tactics of Tarbaby Johnson. Horatio reasoned that his innumerable threats had thrown the negro pugilist into a panic, and that he had elected to pull a strategic retreat

NEW LEDGER PATTERNS



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from town, rather than stay and face the music.

And with none to challenge his assertions, and Ambrosia's infatuation for the absent one growing more and more lukewarm, Horatio made the best of Tarbaby's abdication. He shouted from the housetops, he proclaimed publicly with a sneer curling his lips, and a knife-blade glistening from his hips, that Tarbaby, in a panicky fear to save his own hide, had quit the scene.

"Dey all feahs Horatio Tuggle," the gloating demon of darkness had asserted in another speech at the social set's weekly dance. "Ah tol' yo' Ah'd run dis fake hero out'n town. When Ah speaks de enemy spurts. Dis cemetery look in mah face was too much fo' de allaiged fightah to face an' stand de gaff. He hopped fu'm pugilisten into track, an' now we fin's he has went."

The gloating process was rather boresome, but not to be denied. When Horatio reiterated that he had put Tarbaby to flight there was none to take issue with him. If such a formidable foe as Tarbaby had taken to his heels by virtue of Horatio's wrath, each individual member of the colored citizenry figured it would be nothing short of suicide to take issue with Horatio. Therefore, they agreed with him. And, back to the pedestal of pomposity, the conceit, the ego, and the ominous knife-blade of Horatio commanded respect, patronage and attention.

Joe Wood had a pretty healthy stable of fighters and he worked the wires well to their mutual advantage in staging fights. He kept his boys and himself pretty busy. Still, Tarbaby had been his ace (of spades) and he busied himself in trying to get a line on the mysterious disappearance of Mr. Johnson, and attempting to locate his whereabouts. He had queried Ambrosia at length, and had been satisfied she was telling the truth when she responded under the grueling cross-examination that she was as thoroly in the dark as to Tarbaby's present haunts, as any one. Mr. Wood figured, however, his man was sure to come thru with a communication to his lady love eventually, and he kept in touch with the chocolate-colored damozel.

Then—after weeks of waiting on the part of Joe Wood, after continual brooding by Ambrosia, and after perpetual boasting of Horatio Tuggle, there came a letter to darktown's queen, bearing a New Orleans post-mark. The missive carried a scrawled confession of the undying affection the massive pugilist would always hold for his adorable Ambrosia. The letter did not uncover the mystery of the disappearance, however, Tarbaby stated that he feared the citizenry might misinterpret his hurried leave of the city, and reach the conclusion that Horatio Tuggle had been responsible. Nothing was further from truth than this, explained her ex-hero. He had been forced to shake the dust of darktown from his heels for reasons best known to himself. Circumstances over which he had no control had caused the retreat. Some day he would put himself right in the eyes of Ambrosia, also in the eyes of her friends. Eventually he would do the right thing by Joe Wood.

Ambrosia, overjoyed at the advent of this letter, made a bee-line for the office of Joe Wood. The wiry Joe could tell as she entered the room, that she had good news.

He wheeled in his swivel chair, and by way of greeting: "Oh-ho, Ambrosia, I see you bring good tidings?"

"Ah'll say Ah does," she responded breathlessly. "Ah bring de bestes' li'l tidin' what is."

"And, where is he?"

"N'awleans."

"Where 'bouts in New Orleans?"

"Dat Ah doesn't know. Dat fool niggah ain't tell me wheah he located, but de pos'-mahk say N'awleans."

"And, why did he beat it?"

"Axe me sumpum easy, white man. He ain't give me one iota of a clew as to de whys an' wheahwhiches of his skeddaddlin'. Dat's a puzzle what us got to solutionize."

WOOD took the letter and drank in its contents. He re-read it, and still he was no nearer the answer. He scratched his head. He bit off a section of a plug cut and meditatively "started" it. Finally he began: "Tell you what, Ambrosia; that black boy is crazy about fighting. He'd rather put on a pair of gloves than a crown, or a pair of wings, or something. This here New Orleans is a fight town right. We'll find him around one of those clubs. If he's at all in shape he's probably semi-winduppping to get grub money, but hiding his identity. If not, he's flapping a towel in some sturdy's face between rounds. I know that old rooster, Dominecker Tortorich, who does a deal of promoting down that way, and Bill Hamilton, who slings a wicked pen as a sport scribe is also a friend of mine. We'll just ooze down that way and try to ferret out the disappearing gentleman. What do you say?"

Ambrosia fidgeted. She chewed upon a corner of her handkerchief. "Whut yo' means 'we,' boss man?"

"Why, I mean you're going along, too. Got to use you as bait to get Tarbaby back into the fold."

"Not me!"

"How come?"

"Dey's two reasons why Ah isn't gwine."

"Innumerate?"

"Well, in de fus'tes' place Ah isn't got de wheahwhichall to make a trip lak dat. In de secon' place, if'n Ah had enough sof' money to puhcolate into N'awleans, Ah wouldn't do it. It isn't been mah custom to chase no niggah man all ovah de face of de yearth. If he wants me, he knows mah address, an' de symptoms of love Ah had befo' he lef'." Ambrosia sought to establish a tone of indifference in her train of chatter.

"You helped run him away, and you got to help get him back." Mr. Wood was speaking dominantly now. "As for the cash consideration, I propose to put up the jack for you to make the trip."

Ambrosia was holding her hands high in a gesture of remonstrance now. "Indeed, no! Yo' isn't gwine pay dis gu'ls transpohtation nowheah, no time, no how!"

"And, why?"

"It would be a thurrough vi-lation of de Man's black slave ack!"

Joe Wood burst out in a gale of laughter. The process of guffawing continued until his sides ached. It was the first hearty display of laughter since Tarbaby Johnson had flown the coop. "Oh, we'll fix that up all right, Ambrosia. I pay you a washing bill. It's enough for you to get to and from New Orleans. You ride in the negro coach. I'm several cars back. We dock in the Crescent City. We hunt up Tarbaby. We man and woman-handle him to the extent that we pry loose his secret, calm the troubled waters, salve up whatever injury he has experienced, either to his pride or to his anatomy, and the first thing we know all three of us are on the

(Concluded on Page 11.)

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A Page for the Woman in the Home

Victoria Grey's Talks to Women

INQUIRIES have come in quite heavily from readers urging me to give a word or two of advice and information upon the subject of salads.

The word "salad" has changed with the decades and has had various different meanings. Nowadays, it is the name for dishes made up of raw vegetables, or vegetables and sweet fruits mingled. A bit of lettuce is almost always taken for granted in the salad, serving as a sort of inner platter for the remaining portion of the salad. It is still considered poor taste to eat the lettuce leaf under one's salad, but we often hear, among intimate friends, "I know its poor form, but this lettuce is so good-looking I'm going to eat it anyway." "So am I," they then say, all around the table. However, when nothing but a portion of headlettuce is served as salad, one may eat it all with perfect safety from criticism.

In America, the salad used to be served with the roasts, but of recent years, we have been following the European way of serving the salad as a separate course following the roast.

The custom is leading us further and further away from serving up salad from a salad bowl on the table at dinner. The course should be brought in from the kitchen on individual little salad plates with the salad dressing already on the food. In spite of this, a great many people erroneously cling to the custom of serving watercress, or endives or lettuce leaves from a bowl on the table because they love the old ceremony of making the dressing before the guests. Of course when it is a question of a midnight supper, or "Dutch luncheon," the salad is served from a bowl or two at table.

The vogue in salad plates for afternoon refreshment is glass. The shops offer daintily designed and colored little plate of glass. Then there are the exclusively plain, tinted glass in mauve and blue and green, the iridescent glass and the frosted sets.

Much discrimination must be used in the selection of the kind of salad one may serve. Lobster, chicken, shrimp or crabmeat salads are delicious for afternoon, but must not be served as a course in a formal dinner where the meat is heavy. One must, in the dinner, also veer away from the too sweet salad, as the dessert will add too much sweetness to the meal: that is, unless the foreign custom of serving crackers and cheese for dessert is adhered to. In this case a sweet fruit salad may be served after the roast right with the wafers and cheese and coffee. A tempting salad to fill such a place is made up of a half preserved pear, chilled to iciness. The pear is dipped in mayonnaise dressing and then into a bowl of chopped pecan nuts, thence placed upon a lettuce leaf on the individual salad plate. It is very cooling after a heavy meat course, and seems to fit right in with the crackers and cheese and black coffee.

All salads must be served icily cold.

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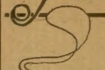
An Idea for Sunday's Three Meals



BREAKFAST.
Cereal With Dates
Scrambled Eggs and
Dried Beef
Coffee
—
DINNER.
Raw Oysters
Boiled Tongue
Mashed Potatoes
Boiled Sweet Potatoes
Spinach
Mince Pie
—
SUPPER.
Cream of Potatoe Soup
Grapefruit Salad
Cakes
Tea

The preparation of these dishes will be found in Column 2 of this page, under "Dishes That Tempt."

DISHES THAT TEMPT

HOW TO MAKE THEM

Scrambled Eggs and Dried Beef.

Prepare a half cup of dried beef by shredding it in fine shreds. Break six eggs in a dish, adding a half cup of milk, a teaspoon of salt and a dash of pepper, and then add the dried beef, mixing lightly. Melt a tablespoon of bacon fat or butter in a frying pan and pour in the egg mixture, stirring as it cooks, so that it remains creamy and does not brown on the bottom.

Grapefruit Salad.

This calls for the meats from two grapefruit and one green pepper shredded, added to a cup of chopped celery. Serve on lettuce leaves with a cream dressing made as follows: Mash the yolks of three hard-boiled eggs, adding a teaspoon of salt, a dash of cayenne, a teaspoon of mustard and two tablespoons of vinegar. Beat a cup of cream stiff, add this a little at a time to the egg mixture.

Boiled Tongue.

Wash the tongue and put in a kettle, cover with boiling water, to which add one-quarter cup each of sliced carrot, turnip and onion. Add also four cloves and two pepper corns and a bouquet of sweet herbs. Simmer until tender. Cool in its own liquor. Then remove the skin and brush with melted butter and cover with buttered bread crumbs and bake twenty minutes in a dripping pan, basting occasionally with any white stock.

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WHAT YOUR NAME SIGNIFIES

Facts About It; Its History; Its Meaning; Whence It Was Derived; Your Lucky Day and Lucky Jewel.

By Mildred Marshall.

DOROTHY

ONE of the quaintest and most whimsical of origins is that from which Dorothy sprang. Theos and Zeus, father of the gods, were identical terms in ancient Greece. From Theos came many masculine names and one feminine: Theodora, which signified 'gift of God' or 'divine gift.' Curiously enough, the reversal of the name into Dorothea was speedily accomplished and tho absolutely incorrect, gained more prevalence in the Western world than Theodora has ever achieved.

The beautiful legend of St. Dorothea helped to give her name widespread fame. It is the story of the Cappadocian maiden who sent the roses of paradise by angelic hands as testimony of the joy she was reaping. Dorothea became a patron saint in Germany and England straightway adopted her name because of Massinger's powerful drama. Dorothy was the next step in her evolution and Dolly became a popular diminutive. Indeed, so common was it in usage that it became the generic term for wooden children, or puppets, in the time of Elizabeth Stuart, and hence our own "dolly," or doll, beloved of the small girl.

Dorothy became a puritan name of the height of the reign of the House of Hanover and was used by Mrs. Dorothy Cromwell and other Roundhead daughters. France called her Dorothea, while Germany preferred the original Dorothea, and Italy omitted the aspirate and made her Derotea. England and America favor Dorothy, with its fluffy, diminutive Dolly. Russia, by some mysterious translation, derived Darija, tho some historians object to this explanation, claiming that the patroness of Darija was an Athenian lady martyred with her husband, Chrysanthus, at Rome, and buried in a Catacomb which was opened in the reign of Constantine the Great. The modern Greek rendition of the name is Thorothea.

Dorothy's talismanic gem is the diamond. It is said to afford her protection from evil and bring her great happiness. As the old legend goes:

"The Evil Eye shall have no power to harm,
Him that shall wear the diamond as a charm."

Saturday is her lucky day and 2 her lucky number, while the flower assigned to her is the daisy, signifying innocence.

Next Week: VIOLET. Watch for It.

THE LEDGER'S WEEKLY HOUSEKEEPING HINT

PAINTING DAY

IN THE housewife's calendar there's wash day, and ironing day and cleaning day and baking day. Every so often you have a day devoted to window washing and another when spare time is devoted to shining silver. How about marking off one day a month on your calendar as "painting day?" If a stitch in time saves nine, surely a stroke of paint in time not only saves nine strokes taken later, but keeps many household articles from becoming quite worthless.

There is distinct advantage in having a day specially set aside for painting, for painting is certainly not a job that can be taken up and put down again. You do not want to begin your painting task until you can feel that you have three or four hours straight sailing. You must dress for the job, and you will need to take some preliminary steps by way of getting brushes in condition. Be sure that you have turpentine on hand to dilute paint when necessary and to clean brushes and hands later on.

If possible make this painting day a moveable feast—so that you may surely have a bright, dry day when paint will dry quickly. If you devote several hours to painting on a day set aside every month or so you will find that when autumn and spring housecleaning time come you will have a lighter task.

If you spend a few hours with the paint and paint brush in your kitchen you will be surprised to find that that room really does not have to be done over as you had thought in the spring. Touch up spots on the cupboards and on the table or kitchen chairs. If you have a stained or varnished surface on kitchen woodwork use a water and heat-proof varnish. In the bathroom a wonderful improvement can be effected if the shelves of the medicine cabinet are repainted. Oil cloth in the kitchen and bathroom, if you have it there, is improved in wearing quality and appearance if given a coat of varnish of the sort that comes especially for floor coverings. In the nursery much can be done with varnish and paint. Toys and playthings of various sorts can be brightened and kept in condition and cribs and various furnishings are made more sanitary and hygienic if freshly treated with white enamel.

And Here Are Other Departments of Interest to Woman and Her Children

What Is Your Problem? Page 2.
There Are No Homely Women! Page 6.
Patterns Page 8.
Puzzles. Page 25.

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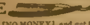

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Tooth Must Be Served

(Concluded From Page 9)

old cinderspreader, soft-coaling it for home."

Joe Wood had broken down more formidable obstacles than this thru an eloquent system of oratory, and the fact that Ambrosia succumbed to his will and eventually found herself waddling down Canal street by his side did not surprise the crafty Joe by any means. He saw to it that she got satisfactory lodging, and then he began a systematic quest for his prey. After numerous inquiries he finally got on Tarbaby's track. He found the ponderous negro man in the gym at the Royal Fight Club, sparring with Marty Burke and seeking to get the Twentieth Century Fitzsimmons in physical trim for a coming scrap.

Tarbaby was tempted to bolt thru the door and take to his heels when he first spied his manager. Joe looked glum and sour enough to halt such a retreat with firearms, if needs be, however, so Tarbaby brought his workout to an abrupt halt and walked over and shook hands with Joseph.

"Get into your civvies," commanded Wood, and the beefy black obeyed with alacrity.

In silence they marched down Canal, turned into St. Charles street, thence to Carondolet, and on down to a jumbled mass of street intersections. From there down a cobble-stoned alleyway which was barely wide enough for the bulky frame of the puzzled Mr. Johnson, and on into the lobby of Chess Poole's colored hotel. Fortunately the room was vacant, tho Joe got a peep of Ambrosia as she hovered behind the portieres near the west door.

Manager Wood dropped into a chair and Tarbaby followed suit, sighing audibly as he deposited his frame in the leather upholstery.

Wood eliminated preliminaries. He waded into the subject uppermost in his mind. "Now, you midnight son of a chicken lifter, tell me why you skipped out?"

Tarbaby grinned sheepishly. "Well, boss man, yo' knows Ah got 'flicted? Mah appetite went kerflummex—yo' knows dat?"

"Yep, I'm hep. I also know that little infidel, Horatio Tuggle, bragged around after you left and asserted that he had been solely responsible for your decision to join the bird gang."

Johnson's features clouded at this statement. He scowled viciously. He clinched his fists. "Did he say he run me out'n town?"

"Didn't do nothing else! Said you evacuated his fair city in an effort to rob the pall-bearers' union out of some overtime."

The look on Tarbaby Johnson's face was evidence enough that all would not be well with Horatio Tuggle should the two ever meet again. He apparently sought to ignore any further reference to his enemy for the moment, however, "As Ah was sayin' dey seemed to be a cavity in mah stummick dat craved nothin' 'ceptin' to be let alone. Ah, who had always et what was put befo' me, an' den sighed fo' a enco', wasn't destroyin' no vittles a-tall."

"I'm thoroly aware of that fact," impatiently responded Joe. "What I want to know is why you skipped out and deserted me?"

"Ah's gettin' to dat, boss man. When Ah started losin' weight and strength yo' tol' me to go see a specialist, an' dat doctah man is 'sponsible fo' how come me to make mahse'f sca'ce."

"On what grounds?" Joe's curiosity was running away with him now, and the flapping movement of the portieres was proof that Ambrosia was nervously bending forward to get the plot, too.

"Well, de doctah man say as to how Ah was eatin' too dawggone much paste. He allows Ah's got as much starch in mah system as a old-fashioned dress shut. 'Yo' needs to eat somethin' wid a whole lot of iron in it,' he 'vises. An' as Ah lef' th'u de do' of his private office, he say some mo': 'Eat somethin' wid a whole lot of iron in it, un'stan'.'" Tarbaby stopped here, as if the explanation was complete in every detail.

Joe's jaw had dropped down, leaving his mouth agape, he had a blank stare in his eyes. At a loss for anything else to say or do, he gulped, "Well——?"

"Yo' knows, Mistah Wood, Ah couldn't eat anything wid a whole lot of iron in it, an' Ah was convinced yo' would 'sist dat Ah carry out de doctah's ordahs, so Ah ducked while de duckin' was good, an' heah Ah is."

"How come you couldn't go on an iron diet?"

"Mah toofs, Mistah Joe, is de bestes' lookin' things Ah is got. Dey looks strong but dey isn't. Can't even crack hick'ry nuts wid 'em, an' Ah knowed dey wouldn't stand de gaff. 'Sides Ah felt lak a cream puff would set too heavy on mah somach, let alone a whole lot of iron. Now, if he had jus' made it 'luminum——"

Joe was twisted up in such a laughing contortion that he failed to notice Ambrosia's entrance.

She swept Tarbabyward, her face covered with a heavy coatage of bliss. And, as Joe said afterward, it was one time that Tarbaby didn't hit in the clinch.

Of course Joe explained to Tarbaby's satisfaction that dieticians worked in devious ways their wonders to perform, as the train negotiated the distance between New Orleans and Ambrosia's home town.

That night Tarbaby Johnson walked to the desk of Darktown's leading hotel, the erstwhile habitat of Horatio Tuggle. "Want to speak a few wu'ds wid Mistah Tuggle," he told the clerk.

"Sorry, suh, but de only way dat could be did is by long-distance phone."

"How come?"

"He checked out'n dis hotel dis mawnin'. Said he was gwine west fo' his health."

"He used 'stremely good jedgment," responded Tarbaby. "One mo' day in a climate lak dis, and dat boy would of been a cawpse."

Concluding the Big Treasure Chase

Teardrops and Heart's-blood

By Augustin W. Breeden

CHAPTER XVI.—(Continued.)

THE heat of the lower plains—it was mid-July—was so suffocating to Warner after his long Alpine experience, that he was glad to be away and up into the cooler and clearer air. He had chosen the Samas River route—straight in—in spite of what he and St. Vincent had learned about its dangers on that first trial flight with young Jervyce about the difficulty of a landing in case anything went wrong.

By this short route he calculated he would be at the pass within eight hours from his starting time. He started at half-past 8 of that hot July morning. Grayson wept as he shook hands with him. "I will lose no time, but will do all I possibly can for you," he promised, and to the howling of an admiring mob of natives the airplane was [illegible] away.

The weather was clear in northeastern India that morning; but to the north there lay a cloud bank. Warner kept climbing and climbing to put himself above these clouds. But he soon met with adverse winds, which he battled with for hours; and meanwhile that ocean of clouds below him hid every landmark. He might have sailed directly over his pass in the late afternoon for aught he knew, but if he did the clouds were riding so high as to cover even the peaks on each side of it.

Finally just at nightfall, seeing that he was wasting his gas by his long continued flight, he began to "feel" down thru the thick clouds for some sort of landing. He killed his engine and volplaned slowly downward. He soon found himself in a blinding snowstorm. He continued downward very cautiously, ready at any moment to bank his plane and stop his flight. A few minutes more and he was in rain instead of snow. The aneroid barometer now showed him to be less than six thousand feet high. The air was warm and muggy. But it was pitchy dark below the clouds. Warren realized his danger, and yet to remain all night in the air was out of the question. He switched on his searchlight to study his surroundings, if by any chance he was close enough to the ground to see any landmarks.

It was thundering and had been since his descent below the snowstorm, and suddenly there was a blinding flash of lightning, a sizzling and a thrill all over his plane, and then total darkness again. He felt for the switch of his searchlight to see if it was in. It was. But every light on the plane, including the little dashlight by the aneroid was out. That

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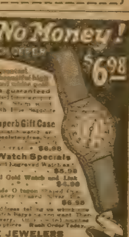

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thunder-stroke had put his electric system out of commission. He tried his ignition. It was dead, too. There was nothing for it now but to volplane as carefully as he could for some sort of landing.

He banked his planes to try to check his downward swoop as much as possible, and presently was sailing more sweetly toward the ground. Still as the lights sprang into being below he saw that he was going at a terrific speed for a dark landing. He banked again and [illegible] t for a slower descent and after a little more maneuvering touched the ground with a splintering crash to his left lower plane.

He was badly shaken up and got a blow on the head and a cut over the right eye. But he kept his wits and came forth from the partial wreck of his plane with an automatic in each hand. For the second time he had had to land in the enemy's country. And this time he was truly desperate, because he felt that the fate of those on the mountain plateau was in his hands, and that a few hours or a couple of days meant everything to them. He was prepared to kill if necessary in defense of himself and his plane, while waiting for dawn and a clear sky. It was pouring rain, and Warner saw dark objects moving in the distance and heard faint cries here and there in the storm.

"Teardrops and heart's-blood," he muttered to himself. "The old man had those jewels rightly named."

CHAPTER XVII.

A KING'S RANSOM IN ENGLISH POUNDS.

HARRY JERVYCE and Dr. Moseby were lying side by side, too weak to rise, too dulled to notice anything that might be passing. St. Vincent sat on the ground like a figure of the Gautama Bhudda. He was wondering dully what day of the month it might be, where Warren Warner had died, and how long it would be before the natives wandering over the high pass would find their bodies. He began to wonder also if Harry and Dr. Moseby were not already dead—they had not moved for hours.

"I will be the last man," muttered St. Vincent to himself. "It's that way; some of us just naturally have more physical stamina than others. I wouldn't have believed good old Jones would have gone so easily; still he had robbed himself to feed that boy. And now the boy will go too in a few hours—if he's not already gone—and then Dr. Moseby, and I shall be left—alone. Warner was a hero to have started off with that lame duck like he did. He's probably dead in the Lo Nakpo country; but then he died gloriously in one swift fall or in a hard fight with the natives—and we—we are rotting before we die—that boy Warner was a wonder—I wish I could tell his mother and his lovoly Edith what a hero their darling became at the last."

Then the man's eyes fell on the jewels, which he had taken from Big Bill Barrett after his death, and otherwise collected from members of the party. They lay unnoticed, scattered on the ground—rubies, diamonds, pearls, emeralds—as worthless to these three dying men as so many pebbles. St. Vincent might have mused upon the vanity of such vanities only his brain was too much dulled for any such mental exercise. His eyes saw the jewels, he noted that they were there, but that was all.

The sun was shining, the barometer was high, the sky was a hateful blue, following a snow blizzard which had lasted all night and left the high platform nearly a foot deep in snow. The world below and around was a dazzling whiteness on which St. Vincent could not look, so he looked at the sky to the northeast instead, not with any hope, but merely to rest his tired eyes which threatened every moment to close from utter weariness.

And then——

He imagined he heard the low drone of an airplane. He gazed intently at the northeastern heavens; there was nothing there, and he thought it all an hallucination. But presently there it was again, more distinct than ever. He looked to the southwest and there he saw it—a plane coming straight toward the platform out of the heart of Bhutan.

He crept across to where Dr. Moseby was lying and shook him and roused him [illegible] "Dr. Moseby," he said, "if I tell you [illegible]e good news can you control your [illegible] Emotions kill weak men, you know."

Moseby stared at him with lack-luster eyes and started to lie back down. St. Vincent shook him weakly and pointed toward the airplane and kept pointing toward it till he made him see it.

Then he did the same thing with Harry Jervyce; and finally all three were sitting on a snow-capped rock staring at the rapidly nearing plane.

It landed with a great noise and a tremendous blowing of feathery snow out behind. And then greatly to St. Vincent's surprise, Warren Warner, beautifully dressed in native costume, and a distinguished looking native, dressed only as dignitaries can dress in the Far East, stepped out.

"This is Sir Ugyen Wang Chuk of Bhutan," Warren said to St. Vincent. "Your excellency must forgive Mr. St. Vincent for not rising, he is weak from hunger," he explained to the dignitary.

St. Vincent was weak from starvation, but still weaker from surprise when he heard this introduction. As for Harry and Dr. Moseby, they had relapsed and were beyond noticing anything, no matter of how surprising a nature.

St. Vincent set up an alcohol stove and he and Sir Ugyen were soon pouring hot beef soup spiked with brandy down the throats of the three. Then they set up a tent and warmed it with the alcohol stove and soon had the three resting comfortably. It would be three or four days before even St. Vincent would be strong enough to be trusted in an airplane for the trip out.

Meanwhile Sir Ugyen slept with what comfort he could on an improvised couch in the airplane and Warren slept rolled in blankets just outside the little dog tent that accommodated the three. That first day Sir Ugyen and Warren gathered the jewels together and counted and invoiced them, as it were, and put them away in the airplane.

When the three were able to sit up and listen, two days later, St. Vincent wanted Warren's story. He told it briefly as far as we have followed it in this anrrative and then added: "Having landed in the heart of Bhutan, not far from the town of Dhilla, which is the summer residence of the King, I expected to have to fight for my life and my plane. Imagine then my surprise at being called to in English, by this gentleman here. I answered who and what I was, except that I did not state at that time that I was a common highwayman, out to rob a noble gentleman of his rightful property. I was assured by this gentleman that my airplane would be protected until morning and then I was taken to the home of his sister, which is a noble country house which was not far away. I was given the best of food and an excellent bed to sleep in, and was called according to my orders at daybreak.

"Then I told Sir Ugyen here of the plight of you three, and he insisted upon coming up here with me, and also on getting a rescue party up here, storm or shine. Men, I must remind you now, that Sir Ugyen Wang Chuk here is the King of Bhutan, has been knighted by the British government for distinguished service, is a scholar and a scientist in his way, and, most important of all, is the rightful owner of all those jewels that we have been struggling for and that have cost so many lives."

ALL three men stared but said nothing: those jewels that had seemed so important in the early stages of the adventure, had sunk to lower than third-rate importance now.

And while he was speaking they heard a shout to the west of the platform.

"It must be my men," said Sir Ugyen with quiet dignity. "I gave orders that they were to shovel out and cut out a road up here at the earliest possible hour, working in relays to do so."

"But," said St. Vincent in astonishment, "that thing is not possible, surely."

"The snow does not lie far down the slopes," explained Warren. "You have forgotten that it is midsummer in the valley."

In a few moments a number of friendly natives came racing across the field of snow toward the camp. They carried a great tent, rolled up, and a great deal of other royal paraphernalia, and they were plainly more interested in the comfort and dignity of Sir Ugyen than of the white men.

But every one was made very comfortable, and two days later, the road down the mountain having been made perfectly safe, and the brocades and other rich things that Big Bill Barrett and his companions had thrown away in their desperation having been rescued Harry and Dr. Moseby were carried down the mountain side on litters, Sir Ugyen insisting that they must accept his hospitality for a few days until they were better able to travel, and meantime agreed [illegible] keep hundreds of his

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men busy leveling off a landing field so that they could be taken off from near Dhilla when the time came.

St. Vincent insisted that he was able to walk, and walk he did a greater part of the distance down to the timber line, but at the timber line, or a few hundred feet below it, the party was met by the royal palanquins of Sir Uygen Wang Chuk, and from there on all rode in state to the royal summer palace.

As for Warren Warner, he flew back to Ganhati and thence to Calcutta and reached there just as the rescue party were ready to make their jump off. The first thing he did was to cable Henry Jervyce, Sr., with a request that the message be forwarded to his mother and to Edith Nash:

"All Members of Party Safe Except Jones. Jones Dead. Treasure in Proper Hands."

Next he hunted up Mrs. Cornish, alias Lafontaine. They sat together in her apartment in the Victoria Hotel, where she had for weeks maintained herself in state by means of the magic credit of the American millionaire, Jervyce, Sr. Warren told her his story from beginning to end. Winding up with the statement that all jewels had been returned or would be returned to Sir Ugyen Wang Chuk, the Dharm Raja or rather constitutional King of Bhutan, and their proper custodian. She asked particularly about Bill Barrett, and Warren told her all about him over again.

"Barrett always was a fool," she said. "I ought never to have married him. Still, he would have been useful to me in Crowville if you and Dr. Moseby had not been so devilish busy in the matter."

"But he stole one-half of that map for you, didn't he?" asked Warren.

"No, he didn't. He never could manage to get near it. I went there, remained over night, and knowing the combination on that casket, stole it. I expected to carry the casket itself away, but that old beast Cornish had it chained to the big chest. And just as I was planning to get it free he woke up. I could have stuck a knife into him, but that would have been murder. So I took what I could get and slipped away. It was a mistake, my marrying Big Bill. After I got my divorce from Jeremiah Cornish I should have come to Crowville and played the game in the open. I could have been married to Dr. Moseby in that case. Yes, my marrying Bill was a mistake."

"It wasn't your only mistake," smiled Warner. "You dropped your certified check on the floor of the room that day in the hotel and I have now a perfectly good photograph of it, a photograph by which I have since proved that it was a forgery. So with that against you, and the burglary of the map from your divorced husband, not to mention the crime here of stealing Mr. Jervyce's airplanes, I will advise you to stay out of the United States. Of course, I shall give your entire history to the New York police as soon as I return there. Another thing: you will give up this apartment and leave Calcutta today. Don't be here when Dr. Moseby arrives. St. Vincent will be with him and will be rougher to deal with than I would be. If you will tell me where you want to go, I will pay for your transportation, provided it is not where I do not wish you to go."

"How about Japan? There is a P. & O. liner lifting anchor for Japan tomorrow."

"Done," said Warner, "I will book you a first-class passage on her."

Three days later three planes—the weather being exceptionally calm—made the hop from Ganhati to the summer residence of Sir Ugyen Wang Chuk. Then it was that Sir Ugyen insisted on paying the four Americans nearly one hundred thousand dollars apiece as a reward for returning the stolen jewels of his kingdom, and wrote orders on the British government, by whom he was subsidized, for the amount.

The foot and the head ornaments and most of the other jewels then held in America were to be returned, but the gallant old Bhutanese, who had himself lost a beautiful bride some years before and had returned ever since a widower in memory of her, insisted on presenting the rope of pearls and two valuable and beautiful bracelets to Edith Nash as wedding presents on the day she became the bride of Warren Warner, who all agreed in pronouncing the hero of the big adventure.

In early autumn the wedding took place at Crowville. Young Harry Jervyce attended and so also did Henry Jervyce, Sr. Dr. Moseby sighed as he stood by St. Vincent, who was acting as best man. "If I had only met Mrs. Ler Fountain earlier in her life, before she got mixed up with that scoundrel, Bill Barrett, I might have been made happy, too. A wonderful woman, that! She always reminded me of Belle McCracken, the best two-gun woman the Western plains ever saw."

THE END.

* * *

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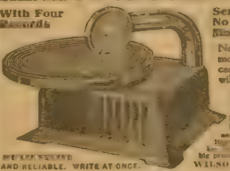

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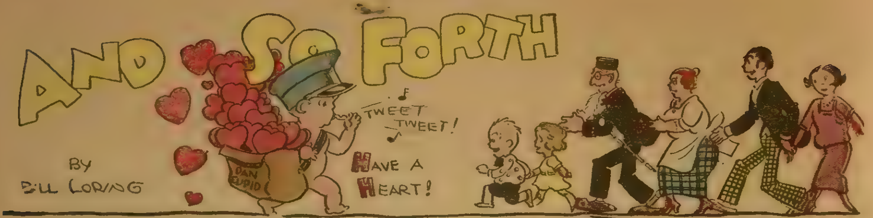
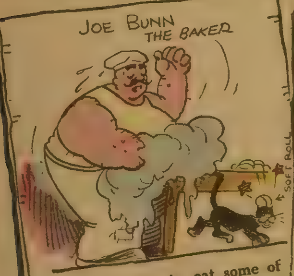
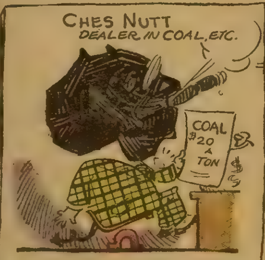

DAN CUPID
TWEET TWEET!
HAVE A HEART!


JOE BUNN THE BAKER
SOFT ROLL

After trying to eat some of your pastry we are sure you missed your calling—You should have been a sheet metal worker.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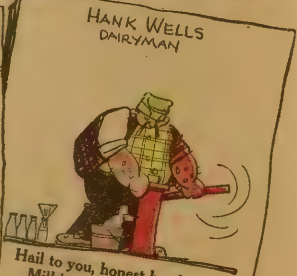
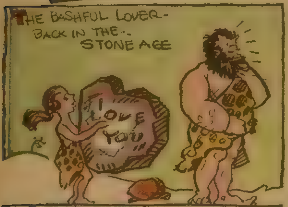
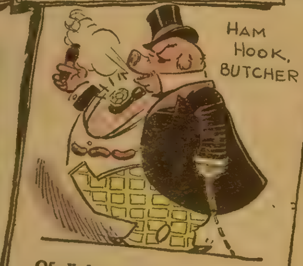
COAL $20 A TON

At short-weights you're an artist,
Your coal is full of slack;
If conscience was a color
Yours would be jet-black.


HANK WELLS DAIRYMAN

Hail to you, honest brother,
Milking at the pump,
As long as there is water
Our milk supply won't slump.


THE BASHFUL LOVER - BACK IN THE - STONE AGE
I LOVE YOU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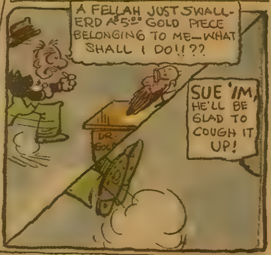
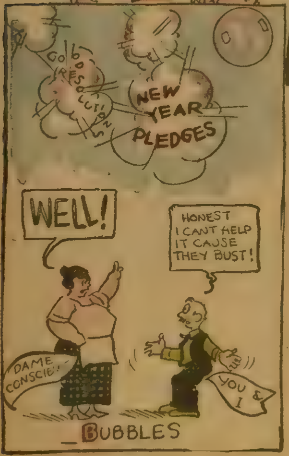
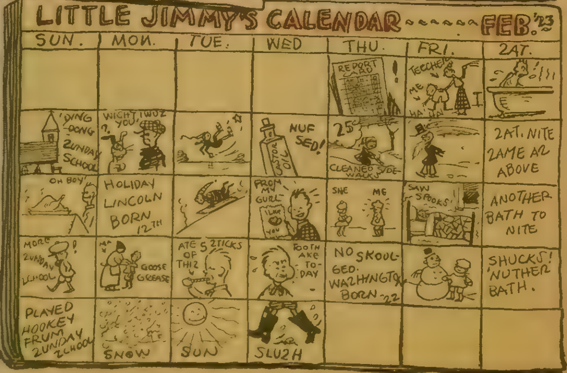
Of all the hogs in business,
You are the "Wurst."

SOME VALENTINES RECEIVED BY PROMINENT BUSINESS MEN OF RIPPLE RIDGE.


A FELLAH JUST SWALLERD A $5.00 GOLD PIECE BELONGING TO ME—WHAT SHALL I DO!!??
SUE 'IM, HE'LL BE GLAD TO COUGH IT UP!
DR. GOLD


GOOD RESOLUTION
NEW YEAR PLEDGES
WELL!
HONEST I CANT HELP IT CAUSE THEY BUST!
DAME CONSCIENCE
YOU & I
_BUBBLES


LITTLE JIMMY'S CALENDAR ~~~~~~ FEB. '23
SUN.
MON.
TUE.
WED
THU.
FRI.
2AT.
REPORT CARD !
TEECHER
ME
HA HA
'DING-DONG 2UNDAY SCHOOL
WICHT I WUZ YOU
NUF SED!
CASTOR OIL
25¢
CLEANED SIDE WALKS
2AT. NITE 2AME A2 ABOVE
OH BOY
HOLIDAY LINCOLN BORN 12TH
FROM MY GURL
I LUV YOU
SHE
ME
SAW SPOOKS!
ANOTHER BATH TO NITE
MORE 2UNDAY 2CHOOL !
MA
GOOSE GREASE
ATE 5 2TICKS OF THI2
TOOTH AKE TO-DAY
NO SKOOL-GED. WA2HINGTON BORN 22
SHUCKS! 'NUTHER BATH.
PLAYED HOOKEY FRUM 2UNDAY 2CHOOL
SNOW
SUN
SLU2H

Hot Off the Joke-smith's Anvil

HIS SAVING WIT

NOT long ago a traveling salesman saved his employers from sustaining a serious loss by his presence of mind. He was traveling for a London firm of diamond merchants and his business took him to a town in Yorkshire.

He called at an inn for a drink. When he left he forgot his bag containing some thousands of pounds' worth of precious stones.

On discovering his loss he returned, but the barman declared he had not seen the bag.

"I would not have lost it for worlds," said the traveler. "I am a surgeon and that bag contains phials of cholera microbes."

White and trembling, the barman pointed to the bag, which he had secreted behind the counter, and it was removed at once by the quick-witted traveler.

Origin of the Bagpipe.

They were discussing the origin of the bagpipe and all were eagerly disclaiming it for their nation.

"I'll tell the truth about it," said Pat. "We Irish invented it and sold it to the Scotch as a joke, and begorra, they haven't seen the joke yet."

Looks After Him.

"My wife does look after me well. She even takes off my shoes for me."

"When you come home from the club?"

"No, when I want to go there."

A CAT-ASTROPHE.

The cat that nightly haunts my gate,
How heartily I hate her!
Some nights she'll come and mew till late,
And then I'll mew-ti-late-er.

PERILS OF EDUCATION

WHENEVER old Eben Toothaker doesn't understand what you say he says, "What say?" So do his neighbors. It is not strange that he doesn't understand his college boy son's way of asking the same question.

Old Eben's wife noticed that he was somewhat depressed the evening after the boy got back to the farm from his first year at college. "What's the matter, Eben?" she asked.

"Mary, I've spent $900 on that boy's education and I'm afraid it's wasted," said Eben. "He don't know as much as he did when he went to college."

"Why, what do you mean, father?"

"Well, tonight I said to him that it looked to me 'sif it might rain tomorrow, and what do you s'pose he said?"

"Why, I don't know. What did he say?"

"Well, Mary, he begged my pardon!"

Oh, Dear, How Cynical.

"Speaking about witty definitions," writes Miss K. C., "let me offer this one: A bachelor is a man who lives alone with the one he loves."

Black Magic.

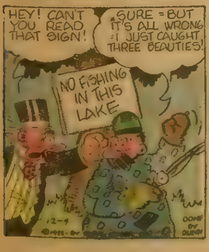
The story has just leaked out of a colored fellow who paid a dollar during a street carnival to have his fortune told. The lady told him that he loved chicken, that he had won some money on craps and that he had been in jail. The fellow gasped and said: "Mah goodness, lady, you has told me my inmost thoughts."

Part of Father Awake.

Mother—Tommy, slip upstairs quietly and see if papa is asleep.

Tommy (returning)—Yes, mamma; he's all asleep but his nose.

SOLID IVORY


HEY! CAN'T YOU READ THAT SIGN!
SURE = BUT IT'S ALL WRONG = I JUST CAUGHT THREE BEAUTIES!
NO FISHING IN THIS LAKE
12-4
DONE BY DUNN

Melodramatics? No, Life

(Continued From Page 2)

shook her uncontrollably from head to foot.

"So," went on her mother, "be careful. Let's not have Andrew Merriam another Henry Watson, and you——"

"Stop!" cried Esther. "Don't name the two in the same breath. Andrew Merriam—" Again a tremor shook her. As it left her she went on. "Of course I knew that you would see, mother. And what do I care that you have seen? What do I care that the whole world sees that I want Andrew Merriam to own me, heart, soul, and——"

Her mother gripped her by the shoulder and shook her roughly.

"Listen to me. No foolishness. I'd kill you, the last of my people, with my own hands, before I'd have this house send another—strumpet into the world!"

"Mother! Martha wasn't—isn't——"

"That's enough. And remember what I've said."

Esther watched her mother out of sight into another part of the house.

"You could kill me—and him—if the thing should happen so, and I——" She stopped, and her clutching fingers sank deep into an imagined something—"and I, if there were no other way to happiness, could almost kill him if—if such a thing didn't happen!" she finished in a racing whisper, and threw a half-shamed, half-defiant glance about her before she hid her face in her hands, sobbing hard.

Then, still care-free, laughing, without much ado of parting words, as suddenly as he had come, Andrew Merriam went. To the city, he told those who asked, as many of course did.

The city. Ah, "the city"—that homing place of five million souls, wherein is lost to the single searcher, except by the vagaries of merest chance, even the most socially-inclined and free-moving mortal. The wild urge that prompted Esther to follow Andrew to the city knew still a grain of reason, and she stayed in her place. Her desire drove her to probe boldly into the matter of whether any one knew Andrew's present address—whether any one had had word of or from him. None had. Thus the weeks she received, until people began to hint even to her face as to the unconventionality of her course.

Once more her mother faced her. Esther gave her steady look for steady look. "Don't you be foolish too," she said finally. "Some are. . . . But if I only had him! . . ." and again her clutching fingers fastened on an imagined something, annihilated it, while her features worked darkly.

"Don't you let yourself be the fool," was her mother's pointed comment. "Which you probably would be if you could see him, unless he were either strong or altogether indifferent—or I judge wrongly of the thing that I see in you. I saw something like it in—Martha's eyes before she—became dead to me—only there was less of fire there, and more of something else, I don't know what. . . . Be careful."

Following this there came for Esther a letter from the city, but not from Andrew Merriam. It was from Martha.

Esther tore it open slowly, read it slowly, came to a slow realization of the almost incredible message that it bore. She went to find her mother.

Her mother looked up, stared at her

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with a start, then came forward with her eyes on the letter and a hand against her breast.

"What—is it?" she almost whispered.

"It is from Martha. Listen:

"'I am still stunned by the wonder of it. I can scarcely believe it. He married me! Oh, Esther, he married me!—me! Even after he knew—after I had told him—everything. He walked right out of nowhere into our hearts—into Jimmy-boy's and mine—and laughs that he was sent to be ours forever and a day. I could cry—perhaps some day I'll learn again—but, oh, Esther—all this after I thought God had put an everlasting curse on me!'"

Esther let the letter rest in her lap and looked at her mother.

"Is that all?" asked her mother.

"That's all."

"Whom is she talking about—Henry Watson?"

"Surely not—no, of course not. Doesn't she say, 'a—after I had told him everything'?"

"Who then?"

"She doesn't say. I've read it all, as I said. She didn't even sign her name. Naturally, under the excitement——"

"Humph!" The other woman suddenly drew herself erect and with eyes to the front strode stiffly away. "Melodramatics!" she pronounced as she went.

"No," said Esther without hesitation. "Life."

To Esther the letter from Martha grew to be a tantalizingly inarticulate promise of all that life might have come to hold for herself. Her body grew hot with resentment when she thought that she had been balked by Fate from knowing such a delirium of happiness. She grew more restless.

Three days later came another letter from Martha—as incoherently worded as the first.

"Esther, (she wrote), I thought he was trying to make a fool of me. I could have killed him, even while I listened to him and loved him. And he married me, Esther—married me, even tho I held Jimmy-boy close and told him that Jimmy-boy had no right to a last name. . . . Oh, Esther, I'll worship him to the end of my days and beyond! He gathered us both into his big, strong, gentle arms—and married me! . . . Write to me, Esther, so that I'll know that I'm not dreaming a dream that I'll wake from some day. . . . I wonder sometimes if I'm to lose my mind. . . . And still I am calm, Esther, and perfectly at peace. . . . Oh, the wonder of it!"

Esther gave the letter to her mother. The other woman read it and passed it back without comment.

Esther grew still more restless. After several days had passed she came to a sudden decision.

"Mother," she announced, "I'm going to visit Martha."

Her mother looked hard at her.

"You needn't look so, or say anything. I'm going—tomorrow."

In the morning her mother reminded her that neither in the second letter had Martha given an address, or signed a name, new or old, by which she might be traced in case she had left her former address.

"I'll risk the old street number, and if she isn't there she must have left her new address there. At any rate, I'm going."

"You're going mostly in hopes that you may find Andrew Merriam," her mother stated flatly.

"Mother—if only it were not so hopeless! . . . But since I'm robbed of happiness myself," she broke out fiercely, "at least I can look on happiness! Fate can't deny me that!"

And so she went. It was late in the evening before she came to the address from which Martha had for months been writing. As she went slowly up the walk past the "Board and Lodging" sign she saw two figures in the semi-darkness on the little front porch—a woman and a boy of 3 or 4 years. She paused an instant straining her eyes to see who the two might be, and she paused quick eager steps came along the street, swung in, and came up the walk. On impulse Esther stepped deeper into the shadow of a friendly bush. The woman on the porch rose and came forward a pace or two.

"Jimmy-boy, it's—it's daddy!" she exulted to the boy at her side.

"You bet it is," declared the man. "Let's have a little more light here." He reached up and snapped on the porch light.

Esther had been drawn forward until she stood so close that the whole scene stood clear before her. The man—big, strong, tenderly gentle he truly was—had tilted Martha's face with a hand under her chin, an arm about her shoulders. The two looked deep into each other's eyes. After what was to Esther an eternity of seconds, the man stooped and his lips met those of Martha. Esther retreated the way she had come—silently, without knowledge of it, without turning, without moving her gaze.

Behind the mask of the gently moving shrubbery she went slowly to her knees.

"Oh, God," she admitted in what was a voiceless prayer, "I haven't it in me—yet—to arouse such a feeling in any man. Until I can, I shall be content—and ever after."

Rising, she went swiftly into the street.

When she came home the next day her mother took one swift look at her and then did that which in the memory of them both she had never done before. She kissed Esther—and that very tenderly.

"Mother," Esther explained to the other's questioning eyes, "I went to look on happiness; I looked on love. . . . Mother, Martha is married to Andrew Merriam."

* * *

Under the Flag of Lafitte.

(Continued From Page 4.)

young man whispered behind his hand) in the nigger trade!"

"Ah, of course! I know now where I heard of him. It had simply slipped my memory. Do you suppose he and his brother find the occupation—profitable?"

"Oh, profitable! I am told they have an establishment on Grande Terre in Barataria Bay, a sort of clearing-house for the trade, where they have on hand at times as many as five hundred niggers, fresh from Africa and waiting to be brought up to New Orleans or shipped to other points up the river. They've got the darn place fortified. Governor Claiborne would find he had quite a contract on his hands if he should try to interfere in their affairs."

"Indeed? Well, I'm glad there are a few men left with manhood enough to resist such a perfectly unjust law. Let us say it is constitutional; then so much worse for the constitution: say you not so?"

"So much the worse for the constitution, right," agreed John's friend. "But you will get a close view of this hero tonight," he added. "Follow up the Canal to the Old Basin, go north by the little mortuary chapel, then to the third door north of it on the left side of the street."

"Ah! I have seen the house. It is the house of Monsieur Lafitte!"

"No, it is the house of La Belle Hortense, his mistress. It is there that he gives his dinners, entertains his friends and talks—politics."

THAT night John Owen had, as his friend promised, a close view of Jean Lafitte, ex-girondist, ex-blacksmith, slave-smuggler, and Bonapartist agent. There also he met Dominique You, of whom more later, and Pierre Lafitte, a heavy, cruel-faced man of slower intellect—plainly—than the brilliant Jean, and Theophile Broussard, an Acadian from up the Bayou Teche, and La Belle Hortense. He saw there also, acting in the capacity of a sort of butler, it seemed, a certain Brahm Shihk, ex-rajah from some petty Indian principality, or, so the introduction explained.

La Belle Hortense put herself out to be especially charming to Owen that night, but so also did everybody else of that company. They had heard of him. Now that he had had time to think, Jean LaFitte remembered his illustrious father, a great scholar, a benefactor in his neighborhood and generation. Pierre LaFitte, the heavy and cruel-looking older brother, actually remembered the elder John Owen, had had some business dealings with him, sold him "some supplies," so he said. Of all that party only Dominique You did not flatter John Owen in any way. The others drew him on to talk about his grievance against the United States, and to a certain degree John Owen lost his head. He told more about the Owen Barony and the social life of Kentucky than he would have done under less flattery, and he made two or three speeches about his country that were just honest criticism or rank treason, according to the point of view of the listener. John was very young and very much of a backwoodsman come-to-town. And before the evening was over he had told the charming Belle Hortense all about the crash of his family fortunes, and that he was set adrift in the world with little enough desire for the old life he had left and no means whereby he could resume it honorably.

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And that smiling, sympathetic, beautiful woman had also drawn from him the story of his love for Margaret Hathaway.

Why had this crowd of adventurers taken up their time with John Owen? He was of a notable family. His father did have a certain local fame. Then he was of that stalwart breed, the Kentucky riflemen, and was thoroly disgruntled with the government under which he had been born, justly or unjustly so, and personally he was a fine upstanding young man with a clear eye, broad shoulders, a brilliant mind, and an expression that seemed to say he was not afraid of the very devil himself.

Jean Lafitte observed that the wines did not go to his head, that he was not flustered in that rather brilliant company, that his reasoning was sound, admitting the premises, and his speeches direct and simple. Jean Lafitte, without being precisely a gentleman himself, had the born instinct of knowing a gentleman when he saw one. He warmed up to this boy more than he had warmed up to a total stranger in many a moon, and he calculated that the boy could be made very useful to him if he could be won over completely to his way of thinking.

So when John Owen departed a little after midnight, he accompanied him into the street

"Mr. Owen," he said, "I trust we may often have the pleasure of your society here at my house. Please make it your headquarters while you are in the city. Madame Hortense will always be there and will receive you any time you choose to call, afternoon or nights. I myself am often out of the city for a few days at a time"—John thought of the smuggling station at Barataria—"but she will always be here and will always be glad to receive you."

When Jean Lafitte returned to the company above he found them already discussing John Owen. He joined the discussion; as said before, he was not precisely a gentleman.

"Jean," cried La Belle Hortense, striking him lightly on the arm with her fan, "you have in that boy, John Owen, a new recruit for your enterprises. Unless I am greatly mistaken in my judgment, John Owen of Kentucky will soon be John Owen of Barataria."

"What do you think of him, Hortense?"

"Superb."

"And you, Pierre?"

"Oh," the older man made a gesture of doubt, if not of dissent. "Perhaps he'd stand under fire, but—well, anyway, I don't care for his grand manners. I suspect him of thinking himself a little better than us—a backwoods aristocrat of the Tom Jefferson type."

"Oh, well, Pierre. I didn't expect you to have a good opinion of him; and you, Theophile?"

"Me? But my opinions are not worth anything where gentlemen are concerned. One young fool more or less is nothing, eh, Pierre."

"And you, Dominique?"

"You don't want my opinion."

"Yes, by gad, I do."

"But—I repeat, you don't want my opinion. If I give it I will just make John Owen two or three enemies in this company, and I think, if we treat him right, he will make, as Madame Hortense says, a useful member in our future enterprises."

"Then you have a good opinion of him?"

"Yes, the best."

"Rajah Brahm Shihk, you are an observant and philosophical animal, what is your notion about this young man?"

"A prig—a British prig—transplanted to Kentucky. His French gives me a weariness. He did nothing but sing the praises of the Owen Barony—Oh, 'John Owen of KENTUCKY! John OWEN of Kentucky! JOHN Owen of Kentucky!' He played every change upon that one refrain. He——"

La Belle Hortense waved his speech aside. "Gentlemen," she said, pouring a glass of champagne and lifting it. "I give you a health: 'Jean Owen of Barataria.'"

The glasses were filled and all rose and drank:

"Jean Owen of Barataria!"

CHAPTER III.

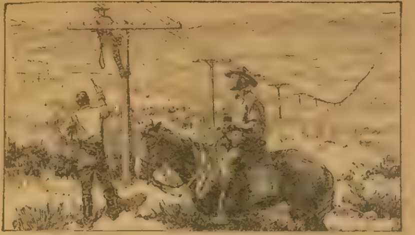
ONE FIGHT AND THE PROSPECT OF ANOTHER

IT WAS the first day of October. The Flame, Jean Lafitte's newly acquired ship, was beating up thru the Carribean Sea making for Gulf waters. Lounging on the deck was an assembly as picturesque as one would [illegible] in many a day of sea travel. French and Spanish Creoles, Lascars, Malays, Germans and Louisian[illegible]. Old Dominique You stood near a forge directing some work. Pierre Lafitte pa[illegible] restlessly studying the hor[illegible] from time to time thru his long telescope. John Owen sat on the deck on his crossed heels cleaning and polishing a pistol. A green parrot rocket back and forth on his perch and shouted ribald nothings to all who attracted his attention

Presently his eye fell on John Owen. He ruffled his feathers, cocked his eye, arched his neck and began to shout

"John Owen of Kentucky! John Owen of Kentucky." He shouted it insultingly—for parrots can be insulting the same as men—not twice but forty times.

John Owen turned hot and cold with rage. Somebody had put himself to a



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Again, business and industry have done what families have done—they have spread to many places and made connections in still other places.

Obviously, this has promoted a national community of every-day interest which characterizes no other nation in the world. It has given the people of the whole country the same kind, if not the same degree, of interest in one another as the people of a single city have. It has made necessary facilities of national communication which keep us in touch with the whole country and not just our own part of it.

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good deal of trouble to teach the bird this. The fiery young Kentuckian resented it, and promised himself that if he could catch the bird's teacher he would teach him a lesson.

Presently Brahm Shihk came shuffling noiselessly along the deck and handed the bird a square of sailors' hardtack, and between beakfuls the bird kept shouting jubilantly: "John Owen of Kentucky. John Owen of Kentucky." Presently the Rajah, as he was called on board ship, returned along the deck and as he passed where John Owen was sitting gave him a look that seemed contemptuous to the Kentuckian.

Owen got to his feet and moved in front of the big Hindoo. "You look at me as if the sight of me gave you a pain," he said. "Now listen, raghead, you will keep a respectful eye in your face when staring at me or I will close both your——"

The Hindoo made a reach into the flowing thing he wore at sea as if for a knife, and Owen's right fist shot to his jaw and all but felled him on the deck. But he came back lithe as a panther and was rushing for a low tackle. Owen circled and stopped low and caught him a second blow, this time in the neck. The Hindoo let out a grunt, spun round, and once more rushed and tried to come to grips.

By this time the men at the forge had dropped their work, and every man on deck or within hearing of the commotion was rushing to the scene. Once the Hindoo did get hold of Owen, but as he was feeling for his throat with his long fingers, the young Kentuckian with a powerful bucking motion of his body, and repeated blows with his free left hand to the other's face, forced him loose. Then, blind with rage, the other sought his knife once more. It flashed into sight, and in the close circle which had now formed he would certainly have reached Owen with it; but at that instant the cool voice of Jean Lafitte was heard:

"Drop it, Rajah; this is a fair fight or else a funeral."

The man dropped the dirk and once more rushed. This time he trusted to his fists. He came like a whirlwind, but John Owen, cool as at first, not once let him pass his guard, but placed from time to time effective blows to the neck, face and chest. Only once the Rajah rushed him into the bystanders and got in a few blows to the face. The Jean Lafitte ordered the men to widen their circle and give the combatants more room. There was no cheering for either fighter, but only deep, wide-eyed, joyful interest in the fight itself.

With the widening of that circle the Hindoo began to practice once more his dancing tactics, and seeing that Owen was cool, he had sense enough to imitate his coolness. And now it became hard work on both sides. The Hindoo danced round and round his opponent with the intention of wearing him out. He had the wind of an Arab and was all bone and sinews, without an ounce of extra flesh, and was wiley and sharp and quick as lightning in his change of tactics. Owen was slower, slower of motion and slower of thought, but he had a superb confidence in himself, grown from the fact that he had never in all his life lost a fair fist fight; and besides, there was a force in his lunging blows that made any one of them a possible knockout if it only reached its objective. Moreover, he maneuvered to the center of the circle and kept the Hindoo making rings around him while he simply turned round and round.

"By Gar, he's tryin' to make him drunk!" laughed a big 'Cagin, who was a great admirer of the Kentuckian.

"They're both afraid of each other," growled Theophile Broussard.

"Don't fool yourself, Pheel; if the Kentuckian hears you making remarks about him, he'll take you on after he's finished with this man," this from old Dominique You.

Broussard growled a reply inaudible to the busy Owen.

But Owen began to think he would never reach this man nor see him wear himself out. Was the man made of steel wire then? He seemed to be not in the least out of breath from his much exercising, and he was now dodging every blow. Should he come to grips and clinch? Could he keep one arm free whereby to beat the breath out of his antagonist? In a flash Owen, too, changed tactics. Feinting to strike, he rushed instead, caught low, and all but lifted the opponent from the floor. But the other at the same instant reached with his long panther arms for a grip upon his neck. Their arms and legs became interlocked and they rolled, a tangled, two-headed mass, across the deck.

Jean Lafitte with a wave of his hand moved his men aside, and the two rolled on and on with a slight list of the ship until the Hindoo's head struck a stanchion with a crack that sounded thruout the ship. A moment later, he half loosened his hold on Owen, and Owen, leaping free, moved back from him and panted:

"That was a foul. Get your wind and get on your feet again, and we'll start it over.

A murmur of approval went round that circle. If there was anything these rough fellows admired, even when they did not practice it, it was fair play and chivalry.

OWEN had noted vaguely during the fight that one man was not there. Pierre Lafitte. He now saw him standing at the rail forward still scanning the northwestern horizon with that long telescope. The clear afternoon was growing late, the sun had almost touched the rim of the sea.

Brahm Shihk had had enough of fighting, but in those deck fights no man ever gave in. So as soon as he had recovered from the dizziness of his shock he sprang like a jumping-jack to his feet and rushed, head low and arms and fists going like a pair of piston rods, seeking body blows and a grip. As he came on, Owen first crouched low as if to guard and then at the moment of imminent contact leaped high in the air and upon his back, so that they crashed to the deck matched head to feet. In another moment Owen had reversed and, heedless of the hands that sought his throat, was placing rapid blow on blow into the Hindoo's short ribs.

A moment of this and then the Hindoo rolled over and with glassy eyes stared at the sky, helpless, and Owen staggered across the space made clear for him as he advanced and picked up his pistol and cleaning rag and his sword and scabbard, which he had flung aside at the start.

"John Owen of Kentucky! John Owen of Kentucky!" began the parrot once more, but this time there was somehow a different ring to his voice.

"Ship ahoy!" called Pierre Lafitte in a clear bass voice.

"Ship ahoy!" The word was called along the deck. The joy of those men in that fight was as nothing to the joy they exhibited now. All started forward, and then as Jean Lafitte and Dominique You stepped out a little livelier than the others, they fell off in their rush and paused a little short of the rail.

"What is she, Pierre?" asked John.

"A British hooker of some sort, I think," replied Pierre, surrendering the telescope to Jean, who was understood to be the head commander in all enterprises.

At that moment the top sails of some sort of vessel could just be made out with the naked eye against the clear lemon-colored, luminous sky to the northwest. Jean Lafitte studied the vessel for a moment and then turned and spoke quietly to Dominique You, who stepped forward to receive his message.

The next minute old Dominique turned to his men: "Up sails, men! Put on all she can drag! Top gallant sail up; move lively, men!"

Now the Flame was carrying privateer's letters from the little rebelling republic of Cartegena against Spain and the allies of Spain." Owen knew this and had enlisted for this privateering cruise. But Pierre Lafitte had said the vessel was British, and no one had ever accused England at that time of being an ally of Spain.

John Owen thought of this. Then he shrugged his shoulder. England was

(Continued on Page 21.)

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The Clash of Identities

(Continued From Page 6)

time they conversed together in low tones of the man who was gone from them. Sharlow made no mention of any future plans, allowing the other two to do most of the talking. Finally an embarrassing silence fell upon them—that silence which suggests that the subject be changed. It was broken by the jangling of the telephone bell.

Sharlow rose from his chair and took down the receiver. When he spoke he recognized the voice on the other end as that of Othello.

"How are you feeling now, boy?" the older man inquired over the wire.

"A little rested—and a little clearer," responded Sharlow.

"I'm glad to hear that. We must bow our heads to conditions—and face them calmly." He paused. "I called up, Calvin, only to tell you that I have endeavored to take every possible detail off your shoulders. Had you desired any particular day or hour for the funeral?"

"I am content to leave that to your good judgment, Mr. Othello."

"Then I may say that I arranged for tomorrow morning, at 11 o'clock. All the details have been taken care of. The death notice is in this morning's papers, and the funeral notice will be in tonight's. I have notified all of your father's friends and business acquaintances. If agreeable to you, Rev. Williams will read the burial service. Your father's body will be brought back to this house this morning, some time. I am now arranging for six pall-bearers. Is there anything else I can do, Calvin?"

"Nothing," the younger man replied. "I'm extremely grateful for all of this. As I said before, death is a stranger to me—and without your help I should have been in a sorry fix!" He paused. "I should like to ask a rather odd question, Mr. Othello, if you will overlook its apparent strangeness at this hour."

"By all means!" came back in the receiver.

"Last night you were relating some rather odd facts when death came down upon us with startling rapidity. You spoke of a police character, Count Boris Melekoff, an international thief. You spoke of a means by which he—that is the police—could identify him if they should find him. Do I recall correctly that you mentioned five numbers burned on his chest?"

"Yes," replied the lawyer curiously. "Yes, Calvin. The Siberian prison number—99154. But why——?"

"I will explain at some other time," Sharlow put in. "I wanted, for a certain reason, to be sure of the fact. Thank you! I will see you today, Mr. Othello?"

"Yes. I will be over to the house around noontime or later."

"Please do, if you can! And so, for the present, good-by!"

"Good-by!" came back Othello's voice, and Sharlow hung up the receiver and returned to his chair.

"It was your uncle's lawyer," he said quietly. "He has been very kind to me in taking care of everything since last night."

HE DROPPED into a chair, and a strained silence fell over the room again. Fisher was the one to break it this time.

"And how did you come out with that—that chorus girl who threatened to shoot you, Cal?" he blundered. "Did she ever locate you under the name Walter Browne?"

Sharlow bit his lips. Here was more surprising information. The original Calvin Atwood had evidently confided in his two cousins his injudicious youthful love affair. He must be guarded in his replies. "No," he answered slowly, "I—I think that—that is the last of the matter. At least I hope so."

"Did you really care for her?" asked Rosegail solemnly, "or were you only playing with her feelings, Calvin?" She paused. "And how ill you happen to meet her? You were never a type of man that hangs around a stage door. Was she pretty? You were in such a hurry when you said good-by on the depot platform at Elmo Junction—and you never told us all about the case. And how did she happen to want to shoot you?"

Confound the chorus girl episode! Sharlow was in absolutely uncharted waters now. Fisher was watching him absently; but even the absent scrutiny rattled him.

"Well, Doll," he said with a half-smile, the first he had essayed since the meeting, "it was one of those cases where one thinks he cares. It was an unfortunate misunderstanding. Yes, she was pretty. The whole thing was such a bungle that I'd much rather forget it. I hope not to make such a mistake again anyway."

Fisher stirred uneasily in his chair. He thrust out his mail-order trousered legs across the rich carpet, and settled down deeper into the luxurious leather cushions with a sigh of envious contentment.

"She—she might sue you for breach of promise now, Cal," he warned, "when she finds you're the sole heir to your father's holdings. Then you had nothing—but now—well, her lawyers might make a nasty fight. A chorus girl is heartless enough—a blonde is without any human feeling whatever—but a blonde chorus girl! I doubt whether the combination would have a heart where it comes to another man's money. I——"

"But, Fisher," interrupted Rosegail politely, "she—she was a brunette, you will recall. At the time I thought that—that Calvin, blond as he is, had maybe entered upon a real, genuine love affair—one of those cases involving opposite types. I——"

"And I say that she was a blonde," asserted Fisher gruffly. "I remember distinctly Cal's account of his affair that afternoon on the depot at Elmo Junction."

The girl shook her head slowly. "It—it isn't a time to discuss trivial things," she said reprovingly, "but, Fisher, you are so, so obstinate. It seems to me that Calvin told us she was very dark." She turned to Sharlow. "Am I not right, Calvin?" she asked in the attempt to have her side of the story corroborated.

Sharlow drew up his forehead in a pained frown. He had no more idea than the man in the moon of the degree of complexion of the chorus girl with whom the original Calvin Atwood had become entangled; it was, perhaps, the most trivial point in the world. Yet here stood two people arguing the matter and appealing to him, the pseudo Calvin Atwood, and he did not know whom to corroborate.

"She was blond, Cal, of course," maintained Fisher. "I recollect the conversation distinctly. Rosegail is just like a woman—absolutely self-confident that her memory is correct on everything. She reminds me of the town mule. The girl was blond, wasn't she?"

Sharlow looked from one countenance to the other. He was face to face with perhaps nothing of consequence. But, on the other hand, a few successive situations like this might prove his undoing. One look at the sour, discontented face of the youth, and of the clear, calm, happy face of the girl, impelled him to take a gambler's chance—to bet, as it were, on the cards as they lay.

"Roseg—Doll is right!" he pronounced. "The girl that Walter Browne ran away from was dark and brunette. She——"

A long ring at the door-bell sounded in the library. Sharlow stopped short in his sentence. He could hear faintly the butler answering the door, then voices, and finally a tap on the door. When he said, "Come in!" the door swung open, revealing back of Crimmons a little, fussy-looking man in wrinkled clothes. His crafty, little, bead-like eyes were protected by an old-fashioned pair of silver spectacles, which poised crazily on his nose in such a way that one eye peered over its lens and the other under.

His whole appearance, with the derby hat cocked on the back of his head and the sheaf of imposing, legal-looking papers in his hand, denoted the shyster lawyer. At his shoulder was a painted and powdered girl with fluffy, blond hair, dressed in bright red silk from her high-heeled shoes to her dainty silk parasol—the epitome of flashiness and exaggerated taste. She gave one look into the library and smiled in a tantalizing manner.

"How do you do, Calvin? I am very sorry to hear of your father's death. May I come in? And meet Mr. Abraham Smelzman, my attorney." Her voice grew suddenly metallically hard. "Mr. Smelzman, meet Mr. Calvin Atwood, the man who promised in six letters to marry Vivien St. Ledger, and who then ran away like a coward!"

And as Sharlow rose to his feet be-

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wilderdly, he realized suddenly that Rosegail Jephson had been mistaken; that he had, in the crude parlance of sporting circles, placed his money on the wrong horse; that he had made a suspicious bull before his two cousins; and that he was face to face with a brand-new complication in the Atwood case. Indeed, he felt like a man with a dozen reins in his hands.

CHAPTER VIII.

CHECKMATED BY FATE.

SHARLOW turned to the two Atwood [illegible]. On the face of Fisher [illegible] that seemed to stare down [illegible] oul. On t[illegible] an embarrassed expression [illegible] cated that s..e did not like to [illegible]

"Doll and Fish," he said hurriedly, [illegible] you go to your rooms for the pres- [illegible] I—I have business to attend to. [illegible] ose you unpack your suitcases and rejoin me here a little later," he added.

He beckoned to the little man with the derby hat, and to the powdered and painted blonde in red silk. "Come in, if you please! Have a chair."

With the hurried withdrawal of Rosegail and Fisher and the closing of the library door, the little man came at once to the point.

"Now, see here, Mr. Atwood," he began blusteringly, "I've been trying to get my hooks on you for six months. I'm sorry you lost your father yesterday—oh, yes, we've been keeping tab on affairs—but this is no time for sentiment. The facts of the matter are that you wrote eleven [illegible] and six of 'em [illegible] to marriage. Now, what's going to be done about it?

Sharlow wet his lips a moment. He glanced toward the rather hard-faced girl who sat silent, twirling her parasol. Then he spoke in her direction.

"Well, Vivien, I haven't much to say. I [illegible] was the usual youthful puppy love. I made a mistake, that's all."

She laughed harshly. "Of course. That is what they all say! They pick up a girl in the chorus, take her out to dinners and automobile rides, and then propose marriage to her. It—it wasn't a mistake for me, Calvin." She leaned forward. "Was—was it really a mistake, Calvin? I—I will call off the suit, if—if you will only fulfill your promise to me."

Sharlow gazed at her curiously. In her voice was the tone of affection, of tenderness. He knew by his two-minute conversation that she was a type of woman who could never hold a person of his nature, for she was obviously light-minded, poorly educated, dependent for her living only thru a natural ability to sing and dance. Yet there was an appealing trait of femininity in her, and it struck him somehow that she was one who would try very, very hard to make herself the intellectual equal of one she loved.

He rose from his chair and went to the window, where he stared unseeingly toward the Japanese goldfish, and then returned to his chair, where he stood looking down at them.

"What—what is the amount of the suit—you intend to bring?" he asked coldly.

At the tone in his voice her own face hardened. She opened her lips to speak, but the little, fussy lawyer snapped out his words ahead of her

"One hundred thousand dollars for breach of promise. It's—it's a walkaway. The Cook County juries"—he waved an impressive hand—"and my client here! It's a walkaway."

Sharlow smiled a half-smile. They both saw it. Perhaps they considered it the smile of incredulity, but in reality it was the grim reflection that now there were two sets of people trying to get their talons on their rightful share of the Atwood estate.

"And why the visit here?" he queried curiously.

The girl spoke. "I—I thought, Calvin, that perhaps you had changed your mind. But you haven't. You—you made me care; you broke my heart. And you will have to foot the bill." Her voice again lost all its appealing tenderness. "You cannot trifle with my feelings and get away with it. We—Mr. Smelzman and I—are here to discuss compromise."

"Yes," put in Smelzman, appreciably more cheerful since the dangerous gulf of a possible reconciliation had been bridged for him, and his fees again placed beyond jeopardy. "We, Miss Vivien St. Ledger and I, are here to cut this amount exactly one-half—for a speedy compromise. Otherwise"—he again waved his pudgy, inkstained hand impressively—"the whole thing goes before the courts of Cook County. And you know the Cook County juries, my dear sir."

Sharlow half nodded his head. He knew no more about Cook County juries than the man in the moon, but he did know juries composed of impressionable men with scrubby mustaches, men who labored for a living, men who had a sly eye out for feminine beauty even of the ephemeral kind displayed by this bit of stage attraction, men who bitterly hated riches and capital and the sons of wealthy men.

Indeed, he knew juries in so far as they involved human nature. He studied the matter for a long two minutes, tapping his foot on the floor. Then he looked up.

"You will sue for a hundred thousand," he said, "and you will compromise for one-half that sum?"

In the little lawyer's eye came a crafty gleam. "Exactly."

Sharlow looked at the floor.

"Miss St. Ledger and Mr. Smelzman, suppose you give me, say, until Sunday night to make up my mind. This is fair. Perhaps I may be able to develop a counter proposition in the meanwhile that will be acceptable to us all."

The girl rose. Also the lawyer. "Sunday night, then," he said. "I expected you to temporize. Sunday night be it, then." He looked at the girl. "Come, Miss St. Ledger."

Sharlow threw open the library door. "I will let you out myself," he said quietly. In a dignified manner he led the way down the great hallway and opened the front door. The little lawyer and the girl bowed themselves out, and now in her eyes was the gleam of the fighting creature.

"Good day," said Sharlow curtly.

The little lawyer looked back and waved a hand smilingly. "By-by, Mr. Atwood. I—I forgot to tell you that we instituted the suit this morning at 9 o'clock in order to protect ourselves, and at twenty-six minutes after 9 Judge Ruemaker, in the Superior Court, issued us an injunction preventing the sale of one stick or patent right of the Atwood estate until this suit has been adjudicated or compromised. Notice of the injunction will be published in the legal column of all the noon papers, and has been placed on record in the Probate Court and the real estate files. Good day, Mr. Atwood." And they went down the steps together.

"Well, I'll be da——" ejaculated Sharlow blankly, as he closed the door and stood in the hallway alone. "The whole estate tied up by an injunction! And now—now Ward Sharlow is whip-sawed

Evelyn Dare's Story

By Adnil Norton

Evelyn Dare was a stenographer, an orphan, obliged to provide for herself. This she was competent to do and every day her typewriter rattled away in company with other typewriters used by other girls in a large room presided over by a kindly forewoman. For a while Evelyn was happy because she was independent, well and strong, but there came a time when she could not sleep and arose fatigued, her back ached and she could hardly drag her weary body to work. Every day she grew worse. She knew in a vague way that the organs peculiar to her sex were not normal, irregular, and finally not being able longer to endure the pain, she consulted a physician, who, after questioning her closely, advised her to take Dr. Pierce's Favorite Prescription which he knew would help her as it was a potent yet harmless herbal remedy for the ills peculiar to women. She followed his advice and after taking it for a few weeks, good sound refreshing sleep returned, the irregularities and pains and aches ceased, her eyes sparkled and a fresh color crept into the pale cheeks. Her rosy cheeks and satiny skin proclaimed her health and Evelyn blessed the old physician for recommending Dr. Pierce's Favorite Prescription.

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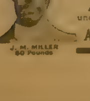

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WINTER STARS

By Edith M. Thomas

In childhood at rare times I climber by night.
  With my two brothers, a wide common where
  Above us throbbed the lone Immense of air,
Pouring its plentitude of silent light.
The hands that held my own I grasped more tight
  And in my heart I breathed my bedtime prayer,
  Bent down my conscious eyes, nor yet would dare
To lift them on that glittering awful height * * *
Until I heard the whistling Wind arise;
  Then, all at once, I seemed so well to know
How, up and up, it climbed to fan those skies—
  My friendly Wind that shook the heavens so!
  And, to myself, I laughed to feel it blow
The flaming starlight keen against my eyes.
Above me reach the frosty fields of air.
  Stripped of their leafy luxuries, the trees
  Their branches raise in slender lattices,
The winter stars are up; the jeweled Chair,
The belted Hunter;-yonder, the Great Square;
  The arrowy Swan; the glimmering Pleiades. * * *
  Oh, I must cry the constancy of these—
The steadfastness that changeless holds them there!
For since those olden nights I climbed the hill
  And trembled at their splendid awful host,
All's changed within this human world of mine,
  And I amid vast loneliness am lost.
The Wind unfriendly has with me its will,
  And winter stars do but the colder shine.

out of putting any of his plans thru. Talk about being checkmated by Fate!"

He shook his head perplexedly. His own task was going to be more difficult than he had anticipated.

This story will be continued in the next number of the Ledger. A big installment is promised.

* * *

Under the Flag of Lafitte.

(Continued From Page 18.)

the bully of the Atlantic. It was doubtful if she had been at actual peace with the United States since the close of the Revolution. And was it not a British officer who had so brutally beaten his father as to leave him an invalid for life? It was plainly the intention of the two Lafittes to overhaul the vessel and probably to take her as a prize. Well, for his part he didn't care—so he told himself at the moment—a man might as well be hanged as a pirate as to die a penniless vagabond.

CHAPTER IV.

THE FLAME MEETS HER MATCH.

ALL night under the brilliant stars the Flame sped on, leaving a phosphorescent wake behind her, and all night there was unusual activities on her deck—men on watch, men at work, making all ready for a conflict, men who simply were too happily excited to remain in their berths. John Owen spent hours and hours on deck under the tropical stars.

He was doing the hardest thinking he had done in all his life. He thought of the ordered life of men, to which he had been reared and which he had been so eager to leave after its one failure to satisfy his vanities and the traditions to which he was born. A hard fight knocks lots of sense into a man's head, and John Owen was beginning to see this rough life, which had at first been all glamour and romance, as the hard, coarse, common thing it really was. Jean Lafitte was a romantic figure, yes, but was it not rather a pose to impress his followers and get him money to spend on La Belle Hortense than a natural attitude? The Flame was a dandy ship and the sea was a wonderful place, but his horse Red Star and the open forests of Kentucky were fine, too. And this thing they were about to do, if the vessel they were chasing was really British, was simply piracy; and if they killed a man upon her it would be plain murder. But what if she were Spanish? Then the law of nations authorized killings in case her crews resisted. Was that not murder, too? So that night as the chase was kept up John Owen thought and thought and finally reached a man's conclusions.

And at dawn as the sea fog lifted they read the name of the Britisher, the Mary Ellen. She had not really run; it wasn't the British manner at such a time to run. Owen's first clear view of her showed her gunners getting a six-pounder ready just as Jean Lafitte had got his ready during the night.

"Jean," said Jean Lafitte, putting his arms affectionately around the boy who had won him from the start, "go below and get your rifle. I want to see a sample of your sharpshooting. We've got to clear away the crew of that gun—unless, of course, they strike and submit to search. Dominique, when our position is right put a shot across their bow."

John Owen slowly went below and slowly brought forth his rifle, powder horn, and bag of bullets.

As he returned to the deck the Flame, which under a dragging weight of canvas was going about on a perilous tack, listed to an angle of twenty degrees, found her position just right, and old Dominique You touched a match to the cannon and sent a ball ricocheting acros the path of the other vessel.

Instead of showing any sign of a yellow streak those others luffed and waited, and their gunners were seen busy at their six-pounder.

"Now's your time, Jean," said Lafitte. "Can you reach them at this distance?"

"Not quite." John Owen was temporizing and questioning his conscience. He noted then Pierre Lafitte standing eying him with a suspended sneer ready to break forth on his cruel, brutal face. The Rajah was also in the offing watching him slyly.

At every moment the ships were drifting nearer and nearer together. Then the Britisher let fly. The ball went high, screaming across the deck and ripping a great hole in the jib sail just above the boom.

"Now," said Lafitte in a kindly, encouraging tone.

John Owen raised his weapon and took steady aim. He saw over the sights an active figure, naked except for knee breeches, a big man; but that wasn't all he saw. He saw that man's home in England, a little cottage and a little garden, a wife, children, the ordered life in short. And he slowly lowered his weapon.

The sneer broke forth on the face of Pierre Lafitte. "What is the matter?" asked Jean; "can't you hit him from here?"

"I can't—" John Owen made a long

(Continued on Page 23.)

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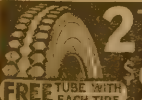

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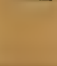

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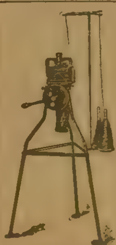

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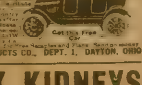

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Under the Flag of Lafitte.

(Continued From Page 21.)

pause and Jean Lafitte a gesture of impatience—"but—I won't!"

Jean Lafitte's face, naturally swarthy, grew deadly white with rage. For a moment he choked and could not speak. This from his point of view was treason —mutiny.

"Go below!" he thundered presently. "I'll deal with you as soon as I'm thru with the British."

"You may deal with me now if you wish," shouted John Owen hotly, putting his hand on the sword that this morning he was wearing.

Lafitte snatched a pistol from the hands of Theophile Broussard, and Dominique You, leaping from the gun he had just finished reloading, placed himself in front of the commander with hand upraised.

"Jean, Jean!" he said. "Don't forget that you are commander here and that Monsieur Owen is a gentleman—don't commit murder in front of your men."

"Then take him below and out of my sight, and tell him to stay out of my sight till—— Send him below!"

Dominique turned to Owen: "Go below, John; remain below till I come and call you."

John Owen turned to go below and You raced back to his gun and applied the match.

In the close quarters below deck John Owen had further time to think, while the battle raged above. He had never seen a sea fight, and, judged only from the sound and the careening of the vessel, it was all a confusion to him, without rhyme or reason. And his blood was fired now. He wanted to be above deck there taking a hand in the conflict; he certainly had as much reason for hating the British as any man on board the Flame, and he had as good reason to like Jean Lafitte as any man there; still, he told himself, he had done right to refuse to turn pirate just to please his master's fancy. Smuggling was a mere venal sin, privateering might be a crime, but was at least a legalized crime, but this—piracy—was beyond him.

His thoughts were suddenly interrupted by a round of shot that with a ripping sound as if it were tearing the ship asunder entered and passed thru the very compartment where he stood. He stood for a few moments longer, rifle in hand, sword and pistol at belt, thinking, not profoundly perhaps, but very rapidly. Then he heard a grinding sound as if the ships had banged together and yelling, shots and trampling above his head. He thought no more, but ran out into the passageway and swarmed up the companion ladder.

ON DECK all was confusion. There seemed no sense at all to the fight; but one thing was plain, the Mary Ellen was higher than the Flame and for a boarding party she had all the advantage. And they were taking advantage of the fact, leaping by dozens from their deck clean over the rail and into the melee on the deck of the Flame. John fired and loaded, fired and loaded again at the assailants, and then, when his method appeared all too slow, with his pistol still loaded at his belt, he leaped into the melee with his sword, a heavy straight sword with twice the steel in it that a fencing blade has, and wielded it left and right. Piracy or no piracy, the fight was on, and he was at last in it. In the fight he was conscious, but only vaguely, that Brahm Shihk seemed constantly pursuing him with a big dagger with which he dispatched or put to flight more than one Britisher incidentally to his main evident purpose. Then, looking across the deck, he saw Jean Lafitte, who was also fighting with a sword, set upon by two men at once. He tried to reach his chief. Then he saw a third raise a pistol to kill Lafitte, and in a flash the young Kentuckian drew his own weapon and fired, and the Britisher fell. At the same instant Brahm Shihk, seeing him with an unloaded weapon in his hand, came on with his dagger raised, and Owen turned just in time to confront him.

"Traitor!" he panted. "This is no time for private feuds! Use your knife against the English." And, suiting the action to the word, he began to swing his sword in such a way as to back three Britishers armed only with short knives.

But now the others, seeing the effective use Owen and Jean Lafitte were making of their blades, rushed to the gun room as if in retreat, but in a moment came forth with broadswords, cavalry sabres, anything that had length and weight. And presently the British were driven from their decks, the last of them receiving numerous cuts and stabs as they leaped or clambered for safety. Several fell into the water and the ships moved apart under the maneuvering of Daspit, a clever man at managing a ship and second mate under Dominique You.

Pierre Lafitte and two or three more of his same murderous ilk now began deliberately to fire at those struggling in the water. Owen turned sick; he wondered if they would likewise murder the wounded prisoners left on board the Flame.

"Sink her, Dominique!" thundered Jean Lafitte, who for a moment was transformed into the image of his brother, and looked no less cruel and brutal.

"Out of powder, Jean," boomed old Dominique. "Just enough left for one more shot."

"Well, give her that and put it where it will do the most good. They'll sink us fast enough unless we're able to show 'em a clean pair of heels!"

"We may be sinking now, Jean," boomed Dominique, "we're pretty thoroly shot thru and thru."

"Then save your shot and see to stopping out the water—Daspit!"

"Ay, Jean, what are your orders?"

"Put her about and make away with all speed."

John Owen crossed the deck and approached the commander. He saluted military fashion.

"Well, I thought I told you to remain below?"

"May I have permission to look after the wounded, Captain Lafitte? I have a little skill in surgery."

"Yes, I suppose you may, since a woman's work is about all you're fit for."

John Owen smarted under the insult, but calling two men he deemed his friends to assist him he began at once to sort the wounded from the dead and to look after the most urgent cases.

He, like all the rest, expected the vessel to be sunk if that British six-pounder could do it. He said as much to a British sailor whose wound he was dressing.

"They won't do nothin' more," said the Britisher. "That's why we boarded, because we was out of powder."

"And you did a d—n good job of it," said Dominique You, who was now back on deck and helping with the wounded.

That day at noon there was a summary heaving overboard, without rite or ceremony, of eleven bodies, and three more men died that afternoon. John Owen recognized these dead for what they were, and sincerely hoped that not one of them was the victim of his hands.

CHAPTER V.

JOHN OWEN AWAITS HIS DOOM.

THE FLAME, badly crippled in her rigging, with half her crew wounded more or less seriously, and leaking badly, slipped into a port of the negro republic of San Domingo, eluding on her way an English vessel sent out to look for her. In the port she was hastily repaired, and, the authorities rightly insisting that she was a war vessel, since she carried a gun and had patently been in a fight, allowed her only forty-eight hours in port. The negro "Secretary of Ports and Naval Affairs," a big French-speaking mulatto, threatened to tie her up in the harbor if she remained an hour too long.

Jean and Pierre Lafitte chicaned and cajoled and stormed, but all to no purpose. Jean even called on the President of the Republic, but all to no purpose; she had to put to sea again. But as a joke on the republic and something for the President and "Secretary of Ports and Naval Affairs" to chew on, Jean arranged for a big dance of native men and women on board her upper deck the last night she was in port, and in the fog between midnight and dawn, when the brains of the revelers were befogged with the fumes of rum and gin, she sailed away. It was a wholesale kidnaping of some fifty valuable blacks.

Such was the reckless daring of Jean Lafitte, which was beginning to make him famous, or infamous, from Cartegena to Washington. It was with this load of negroes, which as being infinitely more intelligent and resourceful than any he had kidnaped from Africa, that Jean had his first real difficulty; and it was in handling them that he began to play traitor to the buyers who had always up to then had reason to trust him.

When a mutiny of his prisoners seemed imminent, he took their leader, one Toussaint Delamere, into his confidence and made a trade with him by which the captives, having been sold in a block to a dealer in New Orleans, were to escape in a bloc, assisted by Daspit and Broussard, to a lonely cheniere on the shores of Bayou Teche, where they were then to receive half the proceeds from their sale and be taken back on the Flame to some lonely point on the shore of San Domingo so that they would return to their native land rich.

When the prospects of this scheme had been explained to the others, in his own peculiar way and according to his own

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interpretation of the plan, by Toussaint Delamere, the others became jubilant. These dusky swains and belles were to see the great capital, the far-famed Nouvelle Orleans. The bucks were a little more apprehensive, but they had faith in their leader Toussaint, and so restraint became easy on board the Flame and they appeared contented.

And after that life on board the privateer became a sort of ribald perpetual holiday. Every night there was dancing and coquetting; every day there was open lovemaking. Even the seriously wounded chirked up and manifested a new desire to live. There were quarrels and intrigues, and more than one of those dusky belles was assured in whispers that she would never be sent on to New Orleans, but would find a home at Barataria. Shocking? Yes, but these were rough wild men of a dozen mixed nationalities and races and utterly without moral or social standards.

John Owen was disgusted with the whole proceeding, but he was gratified to see one thing; not one officer of the Flame had anything to do with any intrigue; the Lafittes, Dominique You, and even Broussard and Daspit and the Rajah kept their hands clean. Still he had seen enough of the wild life of the sea and was resolved to quit this company as soon as he could undertake to do so with any chance of a safe escape.

His own troubles were not yet settled, but only held in abeyance until Jean Lafitte should have time for him and be in the humor to attend to it. Meantime, he held his own among that ribald company. The roughest man respects a good fighter, and he had whipped the Rajah fairly and squarely; and besides, he had endeared himself to many men on board the Flame by the ready and efficient manner in which he had looked after the wounded. Among the leaders he felt he could count two stanch friends, Dominique and Daspit; but he felt with equal assurance that Pierre Lafitte, Broussard, and the Rajah were his instinctive enemies. He would have expected magnanimity from Jean Lafitte, but for the fact that he had once seen him transformed into a beast equally bestial with his elder brother. He felt that when they reached Barataria and he came within the influence of La Belle Hortense he would have added one more champion to his cause. But in depending on her he was gambling on an enigma. He should have known, but he was too young and too inexperienced with women to know, that she belonged to a type of woman whose every act is guided by the caprice of the hour.

The Flame once more eluded her watchful enemy and, leaking and crippled, but with a roaring company on board, limped at last into Barataria. And such an assemblage as John Owen saw there—the scum of mixed nationalities, the froth of the Mexican Gulf region thrown up in an eddy of international wars. There was a small mud fort with two cannons, a square of whitewashed adobe houses, facing inward on a big court, the quarters of the officers; two rows of pole huts thatched with palmettoes, the quarters of the common followers of the famous smuggler and the herding dens of the slaves in transit.

Peddlers from New Orleans visited the settlement and exhibited their bright, cheap wares in booths; strolling players and musicians were in evidence. The "company" maintained a general store, a sort of commissary, where stable goods could be had. There was a casino where one played "old sledge," black jack, Mexican monte, and roulette. Jean Lafitte, as canny in money matters as that illustrious Frenchman of the same name, the banker Lafitte, was the secret proprietor of this gambling house, a means whereby he got back most of the prize money he paid to his common sailors and smugglers. The "company" smuggled not only slaves, but anything else upon which the tariff was high enough to make smuggling profitable, notably rum, sugar, and Havana tobacco. John Owen saw now, sweating on the sand, a little mountain of sacks of Cuban sugar nearly as black as tar; these were the days when Louisiana was still famous for indigo, but as yet had made no progress in the production of sugar. There were bales of cotton piled up there—and of Kentucky hemp; hogsheads of tobacco, stacks of cowhides, pipes of Bordeaux wine, the island was literally an open-air warehouse, and with the fish, which with rice formed the principal article of diet, and all these wares, it stank to heaven save when the sea breeze was strong enough to blow the stench away into the swamp beyond.

DURING the first few days Jean Lafitte had all he could attend to moving his wares into and out of New Orleans. Long boats pulled by 'Cajin rowers, and a small sail boat, the Eaglet, were kept

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Full details of our special offer, with catalog, free trial order blanks, postpaid, if you write at once.

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Dept. 28, 208 N. Wells St., CHICAGO, ILL.

You Can Cure Your Rupture

Capt. Collings Will Send You Free His Plan by Which He Cured Himself.

Thousands of ruptured men and women will rejoice to know that Capt. Collings who was helpless and bedridden for years with double rupture will send free to all the full plan by which he cured himself at home.

Merely send your name and address to Capt. W. A. Collings, Inc., Box 276H, Watertown, N. Y. It won't cost you a cent and may be worth a fortune. Hundreds have already cured themselves by just this free information.

GOITRE

REMOVED AT HOME
Without Operation or Danger
A $2.50 Treatment FREE

You may test my simple Home Treatment for Goitre **Without Cost or Obligation.** Hundreds report immediate results after other remedies had failed. "My goitre is cured and am feeling fine. I improved before taking medicine a week," says Mrs. C. W. Hahn of North Jackson, Ohio. Mrs. W. A. Pease of Creston, B. C., Can., writes: "A friend in Alberta got your treatment and was cured. I concluded to try it, and after using one treatment, my goitre entirely disappeared." The treatment quickly stops choking and other disagreeable symptoms. Does not interfere with work. No danger. Prevents operation. Send coupon to-day.

$2.50 FREE COUPON

This Coupon is good for $2.50 Test Treatment mailed free in plain package if accompanied by 10c to cover postage. Address The W. T. B. Laboratory, Battle Creek, Mich.

Age?..........How old is Goitre?...........yrs.
Nervous?...........Hands Tremble?............
Do eyes bulge?...............Does heart beat too rapidly?.................. Health?...............
Name ....
Address ....
812

busy. Schott, a 'Cajin with a German name, had been ill with malarial fever for nearly a month, and the traffic of the island was sadly demoralized. All day long and all night long, while Dominique You looked after the repairs on the Flame, Pierre Lafitte and Theophile Broussard looked after the business on the island, Jean Lafitte rarely leaving his office, but directing the work of one man or another at every step. One could readily see Jean was the brains of the whole enterprise.

They took that gang of San Domingoans, excepting three or four wenches, purchased by thrifty sailors up in New Orleans, departing very secretly, at midnight. But most operations on the Island of Grand Terre were carried on quite openly, and buyers came from the Louisiana metropolis in spick and span fast sail boats and bid for smuggled goods in job lots. It was true that no man could come upon the island or even into the bay of Barataria without a passport from a certain "agent" in New Orleans, which had to be countersigned by Jean Lafitte as "Commandant of Barataria" before the bearer could be permitted to make a landing, and had to be signed again before he could leave the island. To enforce this necessary rule, boats patrolled the bay night and day, and other guards watched the bayou approaches and the north shore of that sheet of water. It can be seen what John Owens' predicament would have been had he attempted to leave the neighborhood without Lafitte's permission.

Meanwhile he was treated as a sort of unwelcome guest, given absolutely nothing to do, and for the most part avoided by the other "officers" of the company. John was one of these "officers." The firm name might best have been "Lafitte Brothers and Company"; the corporation, which was held together by a loose sort of contract best described as a "gentleman's agreement," provided that the Lafitte brothers should have one-fourth of all profits; that the "officers," eight in number, which included Schott and the Rajah, Daspit, Broussard, La Belle Hortense, and the "agent" at New Orleans, should divide another fourth among them, except that Dominique You counted as two men, that is to say, held two of the nine shares which might have been designated as "officers' shares." The remaining one-half of the profits was divided equally among the men which the company accepted among their number. La Belle Hortense was said to be well worth the money that was paid her; she was a rather canny business woman and was a regular go-between from the Island of Grand Terre to the agent in the city.

The real executive of the corporation was Jean Lafitte. He usually asked the advice of his officers on any project, but always acted finally on his own best judgment. We can see now why he asked each man and woman's opinion of John Owen that night in New Orleans. Is it any wonder that John Owen was flattered and intrigued at the idea of becoming a leading spirit and partner in an organization so promising of rapid wealth and so picturesque in its activities?

La Belle Hortense was now upon the island—she was said to be always on the island awaiting Jean Lafitte on his returns. Who and what was this Madame Hortense? Much as the reader would like to know her intimate history from the cradle to the grave, the historian can only set down here what little he has been able to learn about her. She was an adventuress with the beauty of a woman and the business head of a man. She had once moved in the best Creole society of New Orleans, and had at one time come very near to marrying a judge of the district court in the coast region of Louisiana. She used to joke Jean Lafitte about this, saying that had she taken this step she would have had him brought into her husband's court and hanged. There is still to be seen in a certain private collection in New Orleans a portrait of this woman, said to have been painted at Grand Terre by a French artist whom Jean Lafitte had brought over for the commission. She is really beautiful, and looks like a duchess in the picture; she seems to have known how to wear beautiful clothes gracefully; but then every successful adventuress is an enigma, and she may have been born in a houseboat on the Seine for aught the historian knows to the contrary.

During John Owen's days of enforced idleness, and while Jean Lafitte was the busiest man on the island, there grew up between the young Kentuckian and the beautiful Hortense a dangerous intimacy. The affair was certainly not of John Owen's seeking; the quarrel between him and Jean Lafitté was already bitter enough without his playing with fire in this manner. When the woman came to him and insisted on his visiting her in her "salon," the best room in the best apartment in the compound, he let her know that he appreciated her friendship, a word on which he put a very special emphasis. When she wanted to know all about his trouble with Lafitte, he told her that he considered the subject too delicate to be discussed informally, and that Dominique You could tell her all she wished to know about it. When she intimated to him with gentle langourous smiles that she was growing tired of Jean Lafitte, he became thoroly frightened and after that avoided her even to the extent of hiding from her.

Thus several days passed by with John Owen in a state of suspense and unpleasant anticipation, a man caught, so far as he could judge, in a den of wild beasts and waiting for his hour to strike or to be torn to pieces.

Another big installment of this lively serial will appear in the next number of the Ledger. Here's a story that will undoubtedly hold you to its finish. Some of the thrilling incidents yet to be described by the entertaining author are no doubt founded on historical facts. Anyway, with his fund of material he has produced a tale that is more than interesting, and the reader will probably admit this when his story is told to its exciting finish. Therefore, don't miss the next installment—next week.

* * *

Something to Make Thinkers Think

16—1. Behead to talk in a familiar manner and have a covering for the head.

2. Behead a term of affection and have the organ of hearing.

3. Behead a demon and have wickedness.

4. Behead cubes used in games of chance and have frozen water.

5. Behead at the lowest point and have to possess.

6. Behead to fall in drops and have to tear apart.

7. Behead to listen and have an ancient vessel.

8. Behead an animal noted for its timidity and have a form of the verb "to be."

Missing Words.

17—Supply the words, all of which begin with h, and contain the same number of letters as the number of dots used in the spaces:

"The dauntless . . . . urged his . . . . . up the . . . . . tho . . . . of . . . . . explosive shells were . . . . past . . . He . . . . the foe at bay till a company of kilted . . . . came and rescued . . ."

Four-word Square.

18—1. A banner.
2. A girl's name.
3. A boy's name.
4. A crowd.

ANSWERS TO LAST WEEK'S PUZZLES.

13—Charade.

Amiable.

14—Animal Diamonds.

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     T
  B—A—N
T—A—P—I—R
  N—I—P
     R
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     C
  J—O—T
C—O—N—E—Y
  T—E—N
     Y
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15—Floral Charade.

Clematis—Mace, Late, Tale, Slim.

It is not desired that readers send in the answers to the puzzles. They are offered simply as brain teasers, and the correct answers will be printed the following week.

THINGS NEWLY WEDS SHOULD KNOW

Young couples should not be ignorant of health and sex problems, for on that knowledge depends their happiness. They should read and study a medical work—"The Common Sense Medical Adviser," by R. V. Pierce, M. D., which is now in thousands of homes, where it is highly valued. It unfolds the secrets of married happiness, so often revealed too late. It is bound in cloth, contains over 1,000 pages, is revised each year. Chapters are Marriage, The Expectant Mother, Mother and Babe, Sex Problems, Hygiene, First Aid, Physiology, etc.

SPECIAL OFFER: The "Medical Adviser" sold formerly for $1.50, but for a limited time we will send it, postpaid, to any reader of this issue for 50c. Address Dr. Pierce's Invalids Hotel, Buffalo, N. Y.

* * *

GALLSTONE TROUBLES

Dr. E. R. Paddock, Specialist, Kansas City, Mo., Box SP-201, has distributed free over 100,000 booklets on cause and treatment of inflammation of the the Gall Bladder and Bile Ducts associated with Gallstones of the liver, billious Colic, Jaundice, gas, indigestion. Send name for Free Booklet today.—Adv.

* * *

LEG SORES

The Bayles Distributing Co., 1856 Grand Ave., Kansas City, Mo., will mail Free Sample of ANTI-FLAMMA, a Soothing Anti-septic Poultice that draws out the poisons, stops the itching around sores and Heals While You Work. Write today describing case.—Adv.

* * *

LADIES, PRESERVE YOUR YOUTHFUL APPEARANCE.

Madame Mignetle's Beauty Cream and Skin Food removes every defect, spot, freckle, pimple, blemish or wrinkle, leaving the skin soft, clear and smooth. It is perfectly harmless and will not injure the most delicate skin. It preserves and brings back the youthful glow to the face and ruddiness to the cheeks, preserving it in this condition until extreme old age. This preparation has been used for years, and hundreds are now using it and are more than delighted with the results. Send us ten (10) cents for formula which you can have filled at any drug store at a very small cost. Do not delay, but write at once. Box 491, Blairsville, Pa.
—Adv.

Let Me Send You FREE on trial a Pair of Handsome Tortoise Shell Glasses

For many years people have been coming to me from every part of Chicago on account of my wide reputation for supplying glasses that fit. I am now offering the benefit of this wide experience to people everywhere. No matter where you live, I positively guarantee to give you a perfect fit or there will be no charge whatever. I promise to send you a pair of glasses that will enable you to see perfectly and satisfy you in every way, or you will owe me nothing. They will protect your eyes, preventing eye strain and headache. They will enable you to read the smallest print, thread the finest needle, see far or near.

SEND NO MONEY

I will not accept a single penny of your money until you are satisfied and tell me so. Simply fill in and mail the coupon below giving me the simple easy information I ask for and I will send you a pair of my Extra Large Tortoise Shell Spectacles, for you to wear, examine and inspect, for 10 days, in your own home. The glasses I send are not to be compared with any you have ever seen advertised. They are equal to spectacles being sold at retail at from $12 to $15 a pair. You will find them so scientifically ground as to enable you to see far or near, do the finest kind of work, or read the very smallest print. These Extra Large Size Lenses, with Tortoise Shell Rims, are very becoming and your friends are sure to compliment you on your improved appearance. There are no "ifs" or "ands" about my liberal offer. I trust you absolutely. You are the sole judge. If they do not give you more real satisfaction than any glasses you have ever worn, you are not out a single penny. I ask you, could any offer be fairer.

SPECIAL THIS MONTH

If you send your order at once I will make you a present of a handsome Velveteen Lined, Spring Back, Pocket Book Spectacle Case which you will be proud to own. Sign and mail the coupon NOW. Dr. Ritholz, Madison and Laflin Sts., Dept. BW5, Station C, Chicago, Ill., Doctor of Optics, Member American Optometric Association, Graduate Illinois College of Ophthalmology and Otology. Famous Eye Strain Specialist.

Accept This Free Offer Today

Dr. Ritholz, Madison & Laflin Sts.
Dept. BW5, Station C, Chicago, Ill.

You may send me by prepaid parcel post a pair of your Extra Large Tortoise Shell Gold Filled Spectacles. I will wear them 10 days and if convinced that they are equal to any glasses selling at $15.00, I will send you $4.49. Otherwise, I will return them and there will be no charge.

How old are you?..................................
How many years have you used glasses (if any).......
Name...
Post Office..
R. R......................Box No....................
State ....
Street Address.....................................

Send No Money
20 Shot Automatic Pistol

$9.80

20 Shot 32 Cal.

The biggest bargain ever offered. Built of best blue steel, checkered grip, safety. Every one brand new and inspected. Shoots all standard 32 cal. cartridges. 10 shot, with extra magazine, making 20 quick, hard and straight shots. Buy several while they last, at our unheard price, $9.80. (regular $35.) (Pocket size, .25 cal. 7 shot $7.80).

SEND NO MONEY Pay on arrival, our bargain price, plus few cents postage. Satisfaction guaranteed or money back. Order today. NOW.

THE PRICE CUTTING CO., 55 Broadway, New York

ASTHMA
CURED OR YOU PAY NOTHING

Over 85,000 cases of asthma have tried the remarkable discovery of a well known Kansas druggist. Thousands of letters testify results are permanent and that they are entirely well. Wheezing and the distressing tightness in the chest disappeared. The same amazing results obtained by others can be proven in your own case at no expense. Simply send your name today for a free trial bottle. Use it ten days and if cured send me $1.25. Otherwise you pay nothing.

C. LEAVENGOOD, 1544 S. W. Blvd., Rosedale, Kan.

Stem Wind & Set

10 YEAR GUARANTEE

Watch, Ring & Chain Given—We positively give a genuine American Stem Wind & Set Watch, beautifully designed case, warranted time-keeper, 10-year guarantee; Sparkling Set or Plain Ring all for selling 25 large Beautifully Colored Art and Religious Pictures at 10c each. When sold send us $2.50 & we'll send Watch and Ring. HOME ART CO., 420-30 West 00th Street, Dept. 303, Chicago

BIG SAVINGS NOW!

Not only big savings—but bigger than ever before. Bargains that eclipse anything of the kind ever before advertised. Gordon Bates Co. is known in every state in the Union, as the House of Greater Bargains—and the amazing values listed below only further emphasize the fact. Gordon Bates always serves the public with honest, dependable merchandise at absolutely the lowest possible prices. Note carefully every item listed here—don't skip a single one.

SEND NO MONEY

Yes! Just order what you wish, one or a dozen of these amazing bargains—and send no money with your order. We will forward your order immediately. You just pay postman on arrival. And if you are not satisfied—if you are not glad you ordered, we will at once refund every penny, including postage.

3 POLLY PRIMS

99¢

Pretty "Polly Prims"—three of them, all different patterns, for only 99c. They're of good quality Percale, have two pockets, and rick rack trimming throughout. In checks, plaids, stripes—neat, carefully made and you know how handy they are almost every day in the year. Surely, you won't miss this wonder bargain, so send quickly. Order by No. 816—and your money back if you're not pleased.

99c for 3

Wool Serge TROUSERS

Guaranteed Brand New All-Wool Heavy Serge; Khaki color. You know what that means for wear! Finely tailored, reinforced waist band. Heavy top lining, belt loops, five pockets, stoutly sewed seams. Sizes 30 to 36 waist, 30 to 34 inseam. At only $2.49. You can't beat this bargain anywhere in America. It will pay you to order two or three pairs! **Order by No. 735** and be sure to give measurements.

$2.49 *Plus Postage*

$1.97 A PAIR FOR Scout Shoes

Men—read every word. Here's top quality Scout Shoes, of fine grade muleskin uppers, chrome soles, solid leather insoles, guaranteed counters at only $1.97 plus postage on arrival—a really amazing value—and if you send quick you'll get a dandy, genuine leather bill fold and card case FREE. And we'll send every penny back to you in double-quick time if you are not pleased.

FREE! WITH EVERY PAIR

THIS GENUINE LEATHER BILL FOLD AND CARD CASE

Yes—a neat, genuine leather combination Bill Fold and Card Case Free with each pair while our supply lasts.

ORDER No. 103

Send No Money—
Pay On Arrival

Sizes 6 to 12

State Size—Order No. 103—Pay on Arrival

HANDSOME SATIN SLIPPERS

$1.98

—and Beautiful Genuine Leather COIN CASE Included *FREE*

It's just impossible for words to picture to you what a truly amazing bargain this is. Wonderfully pretty fine Black Satin Slippers with black enameled buckle, flexible leather soles, heels capped with black cushion comfort rubber. Very latest style, worth Much more than our price at $1.98—and yet we include FREE the dainty genuine leather Ladies' Coin Purse with every pair, for a short time only. We make this startling offer to both old and new customers, just to prove, once again, that Gordon Bates bargains are in a class by themselves. Sizes 2½ to 8—ORDER BY NO. 272.

Smart Style for Men

The very latest, with stylish shield tip and neat perforations. Goodyear stitched oak soles, low rubber heels, stylish French last. Sizes 6 to 11. A genuine bargain at our special price.

$2.98

Order No. 156

GIVEN AWAY

THREAD

ASSORTED BUTTONS

THIS Handy SEWING KIT

Just by chance we secured a supply of of handy sewing kits, as shown above, containing needles, pins, thread, buttons, safety pins and pair of scissors—something every woman will find use for. We want women everywhere, to know how wonderful Gordon Bates bargains are—so we offer one of these sewing kits free to every woman who takes advantage of the surprising offer given below.

Free

With Every Pair of Ladies' Comfort Shoes or Oxfords, at only.... $1.98 PLUS POSTAGE

Your choice—shoes or oxfords—of fine soft kid finished leather, wide roomy toe, rubber heels, for either home or street wear. Sizes 3 to 8. Only $1.98 and the sewing kit included FREE. Amazing bargain! Send your order quick. Order Shoes by No. 233—order Oxfords by No. 1212.

Army Work Shoes

Genuine Munson Last! Best grade wax veal leather, soft and pliable and guaranteed manure and acid proof. Double sewed seams. Double leather insoles. Best wearing leather soles. A rare bargain at our slashed price. Stock up Now while you can.

$1.97 *Plus Postage*

Order by No. 181

Order Quick

Sizes 6 to 12

GUARANTEED TO WEAR 9 MONTHS

BRAND NEW ARMY FIELD SHOES

$2.98 PLUS POSTAGE ON ARRIVAL

BRASS RIVETS AT SEAMS

SOLID LEATHER COUNTER

BELLOWS TONGUE

STITCHED WITH WATERPROOF THREAD

STRONG HEAVY GRAIN LEATHER WATERPROOF UPPERSTOCK

SOLID LEATHER HEEL

SOLE LEATHER INSOLE

TWO FULL SOLES AND TOP OF BEST OAK LEATHER

Regular U. S. ARMY ISSUE

Sizes 6 to 14

SEND NO MONEY

Every man who wears work shoes KNOWS that the regular issue U. S. ARMY FIELD shoe is the greatest and longest wearing work shoe ever built. Almost impossible to wear them out, so we do not hesitate to GUARANTEE them to WEAR 9 FULL MONTHS. They have two full soles, and extra top sole (three full soles where the wear comes) and insole of regular sole leather thickness. Metal heel plate, waterproof grain leather uppers, practically indestructible. Solid leather ALL THROUGH—no fibre or composition in entire shoe. And our price of $2.98 plus postage on arrival is so much less than the government paid for them, that you ACTUALLY buy them at less than HALF PRICE. Every penny returned at once if you are not amazed at this bargain.

ORDER BY NO. D-125—state size—and also your choice of soles WITH or WITHOUT HOB NAILS. Only $2.98 plus postage on arrival, IF YOU SEND ORDER QUICK.

Genuine Amoskeag Gingham House Dress

99c

A charming model in fine quality Amoskeag Gingham. Handsome plaids in a variety of colors. Made with Revere collar, braid trimmed and tied with a bow. Sleeves braid trimmed and bow tied. Right front pocket braid trimmed. Sash of self material tying at back. Remember—it's Genuine Amoskeag Gingham—and only 99c. Sizes 34 to 44. Don't miss this bargain—order by return mail.

Order No. 645

Beautiful Silk Ties 3 for 99c

Striking patterns in Flowered Satins, Brocades, Foulards, Silk Poplins and Marquisettes—the entire surplus of a New York factory. Cut in latest fashion and full 45 inch length. Three all different for only 99c—and men, if you don't admit they're worth more than twice this amount, send them back.

Order No. 646

Patent Leather I-Strap

A dashing style—the season's smartest cut-out design. Fine patent leather, stitchdown sole, pretty cut-outs on vamp. Edges braid trimmed. Low rubber heels. Sizes 2½ to 8. Extra value at our bargain price.

$1.98

Order No. 254

Very Latest Oxford

Isn't this a beauty! An oxford in fine kid finished leather with durable oak leather soles. Fine quality low rubber heels. Imitation wing tip and medallion and very prettily perforated. A combination of style and quality that you'll surely want if you take pride in fine footwear. Sizes 2½ to 8. Choice of Brown or Black. Order By No. 259 and mention color.

$1.98

Order No. 259

U. S. Army All Wool Blankets

$2.98

O. D. Khaki color, full size 66 x 84. Guaranteed perfect—your money back quick if you are not pleased. At this price, order a supply without delay. Order by Number 3200.

GORDON BATES CO., DEPT. 260 MINNEAPOLIS, MINN., Every Penny Refunded If You Are Not Pleased

CLASSIFIED WANT ADS

Information-- The rate for one insertion in The Saturday Blade and one insertion in the Chicago Ledger is 35 cents a word, minimum 14 words, less 3% for cash. Each initial and group of figures is counted as a word, and the name and address are also counted. This is the minimum rate; neither more nor less is charged, irrespective of size or number of insertions. An ad may appear in both publications of the same week, or in the Blade of one week and the Ledger of the next.

W. D. BOYCE CO., Publisher, 500-514 N. Dearborn St., CHICAGO.

SALESMEN WANTED

EVERYBODY EATS EVERY DAY AND every time they eat some one makes a profit. Sell groceries and be in the biggest business in the country. No capital or experience necessary. Just show samples and take orders for sugar, flour, canned goods, dried fruits, coffee and entire line of "every day eating" groceries, as well as paints, roofing, and automobile oils. Finest quality. Our prices in many cases are lowest. We have men making $6,000 to $8,000 yearly. Address Hitchcock-Hill Company, Dept. 218, Chicago. References—any bank or express company.

WANTED—SALESMAN. MUST HAVE AUTOMOBILE. Need not be away from home nights. We want a man unafraid of hard work, with selling experience in small towns and country districts. To such a man we offer high-grade selling position, paying $50-$150 weekly. Stetson Oil Co., Cleveland, Ohio.

EARN $300.00 MONTHLY TAKING ORDERS for our $3.98 price-smashing union made raincoats, direct from factory. Eastern Raincoat Co., Manufacturers, 913 to 921 West Roosevelt Rd., Chicago.

AGENTS WANTED

AUTOMOBILE FREE TO TAILORING agents: Make $75 a week and up and get an automobile free taking orders for our fine tailored-to-measure suits. Big assortment of all-wood fabrics at the one low price of $29.75. Also wonderful showing of summer-weight fabrics at $17.50. Every order pays you big cash profit in advance. We supply finest selling outfit and give automobile free to every man who qualifies. Write quick for startling offer. Dept. 662, Park Tailoring Company, Chicago.

AGENTS—SELL ARTICLES WHICH REPEAT and on which you can build up a permanent business. You can do it with "Zanol" products, a high class line of soaps, perfumes, flavors, coffee, tea, baking powder and other pure food products and household necessities. Write today for new money-making plan. American Products Co., 7502 American Bldg., Cincinnati, Ohio.

LOCAL REPRESENTATIVE WANTED TO sell combination top & rain coats, sweaters, shoes. Ambitious men, experience useful but not essential. Liberal commission. Exclusive territory. Substantial values for repeat orders. If you can invest $10 in samples which will pay for themselves over and over in sales volume, write for our selling plan. Tanners Shoe Mfg. Co., 494 C. St., Boston.

TAILORING SALESMEN—MAKE $75 A week selling our strictly all-wool made-to-measure suits at $26.50. You collect profits in advance and keep them. We supply finest selling outfit in America. Many exclusive money-making features. Tailoring, raincoat, and side-line men, part or full time, get in touch with us immediately. Goodwear Chicago, Inc., 846 W. Adams, Dept. 274, Chicago.

PORTRAITS, MEDALLIONS, PHOTO PILLOW tops, luminous crucifixes, frames, sheet pictures, waterproof & tea aprons, merchants signs, silk and wool hose, rugs, and 50 other specialties. Unequaled service. Samples, catalog free. Jas. C. Bailey Co., Desk L-2, Chicago.

AGENTS—STEADY INCOME. LARGE MANUFACTURER of handkerchiefs and dress goods, etc., wishes representative in each locality. Factory to consumer. Big profits, honest goods. Whole or spare time. Credit given. Send for particulars. Freeport Mfg. Co., 52 Main St., Brooklyn, N. Y.

AGENTS! A SALE IN EVERY HOME FOR our beautiful dress goods, silks and general yard goods. Quick sales! Big profits! Large book of over 1,000 handsome fabric samples furnished to agents. Write today. National Importing & Mfg. Co., Dept. 16X, 573 Broadway, New York.

AGENTS—$15 A DAY—EASY, QUICK SALES—Free auto; big weekly bonus; $1.50 premium free to every customer. Simply show our beautiful, 7 piece solid aluminum handle cutlery set. Appeals instantly. We deliver and collect. Pay daily. New Era Mfg. Co., 803 Madison St., Dept. 23U, Chicago.

HOUSEWIVES BUY HARPER'S INVENTION on sight. New business. No competition. Ten-Use set is combination of ten indispensable household necessities. $7.50 to $30.00 a day easily. Write for free trial offer. Harper Brush Works, 104 A street, Fairfield, Iowa

TAILORING EXPLOSION! COMPETITION knocked out! $35 suits for $16.75, including a good profit for you. Big swatch line of samples, carrying case, etc. Costs us $10.00. Sent for $1.00 deposit. Hustlers make $75 a week. Territory going fast. Send $1.00 for outfit today. State experience. Knickerbocker Tailoring Company, Dept. 144, 131 So. Peoria, Chicago.

AGENTS—CLEAN UP $100 WEEKLY WITH "Nifty Nine"; weekly average 100 sales—dollar profit each. 30-40 sales daily frequently made; demonstrating outfit cinches order. 30 other coin-coaxers, all daily necessities. Postal brings our unique plans. Davis Products Co., Dept. 409, Chicago.

WE START YOU IN BUSINESS, FURNISHING everything; men and women, $30.00 to $100.00 weekly operating our "New System Specialty Candy Factories" anywhere. Opportunity lifetime; booklet free. W. Hillyer Ragsdale, Drawer 2, East Orange, New Jersey.

AGENTS: NEW REVERSIBLE RAINCOAT. Not sold in stores. Two coats in one. Guaranteed waterproof. You take orders. We pay you daily. No experience necessary. Sample furnished. Parker Mfg. Co., Coat 1109, Dayton, Ohio.

SELL "AMENZ" SHIRTS—BEST-LOOKING, biggest value. Manufacturer to wearer. Every order nets profit $1.50-$2.25. Write for winning sales plan. Menzin Shirt Co., 3863-B, Third Ave., New York.

AGENTS—C. T. A. PRICES REDUCED again. Suits $18.00, made to order, any size or style. Orders easy to get. Big profits. Sample outfit free. Write Chicago Tailors Ass'n, world's largest tailors, Dept. 180, Station C, Chicago.

AMBITIOUS MEN, WRITE TODAY FOR ATTRACTIVE proposition, selling subscriptions to America's most popular automobile and sportsman's magazine. Quick sales. Big profits. Pleasant work. Digest Pub. Co., 9632 Butler Bldg., Cincinnati.

EARN $10 DAILY SILVERING MIRRORS, plating, refinishing metalware, autos, chandeliers, headlights, tableware. Complete working outfits furnished. Y. Decie Laboratories, 1133 Broadway, New York.

AGENTS WANTED—(Continued)

SALESMEN WANTED—EARN $40 TO $75 a week selling our $28.50 guaranteed all wool made-to-measure suits. Guaranteed hand-made workmanship—biggest tailoring values ever offered. You collect deposit and keep it as your profit. No delivering—we ship C. O. D. Carrying case with large samples furnished. Suits all one price—$28.50. Exclusive territory to right men. Write fully, stating experience. Homeland Tailoring Co., Dept. 63, 37 S. Paca street, Baltimore, Md.

$100 WEEKLY—SELLS LIKE WILDFIRE. Klean-Rite Magic Washing Compound. No rubbing. Women crazy about it. Sells 25c; profit 18c. Premium plan gets business. Samples free. Bestever Products Co., 1941-B, Irving Park, Chicago.

JUST OUT—NEW PATENTED HOUSEHOLD article. County rights now for sale. Splendid opportunity. Very small investment required. Investigate. Send fifteen cents for sample. Everhot Manufacturing Company, Maywood, Illinois.

AGENTS: HOUSEWIVES EVERYWHERE delighted with new article which removes stains from clothing, table linen, etc. Write quick territory and sample. Make $2 an hour. Christy, 75 Union, Newark, New York.

LARGE SHIRT MANUFACTURER WANTS agents to sell complete line of shirts direct to wearer. Exclusive patterns. Big values. Free samples. Madison Mills, 503 Broadway, New York.

AGENTS: $40 A WEEK SELLING GUARANTEED hosiery for men, women and children. Must wear 12 months or replaced free. Write for sample outfit. Thomas Mfg. Co., Class 111, Dayton, Ohio.

AGENTS: SEND NAME AND ADDRESS AND get absolutely free box of Bassett's Native Herb Tablets. For constipation, indigestion, headache, rheumatism. Bassett's Native Herb Co., B-302, Columbus, Ohio.

AGENTS, CREW MANAGERS, DISTRIBUTORS. Both sexes. 200% profit. Absolutely new. Every woman buys. Territory protected. Particulars free, sample 50c. Steuben Laboratories, Box 547, Steubenville, Ohio.

AGENTS. SELL WOLVERINE LAUNDRY Soap. A wonderful repeater and good profitmaker. Free automobile to hustlers. Wolverine Soap Co., Dept. C 5, Grand Rapids, Mich.

AGENTS—$75-$100 WEEKLY TAKING ORDERS for popular price-smashing raincoats $3.98. Large commission advanced. Prompt shipment. We collect. Free coats to workers. Eagle Raincoat Co., 412 Lees Bldg., Chicago.

AGENTS' PROFITS AMAZING. REMARKABLE new invention. Saves every pig in litter. Every farmer or hog-breeder buys dozen to hundreds. Exclusive territory. Sales Mgr., 24 Sta. C, Omaha, Nebraska.

AGENTS—CREW MEN, NOVELTY MEN. Gloo-Pen, a 50c mucilage fountain pen; everybody buys on demonstration. Write for big profit plan. Gloo-Pen Co., 56-BB Pine St., New York.

AGENTS. TEN DOLLAR OVERCOATS, mackinaws, raincoats, Gabardines. Big line, good commission, pay every day. C. C. MacKinnon, Gardner, Mass.

AGENTS—MAKE A DOLLAR AN HOUR Sell Mendets, a patent patch for instantly mending leaks in all utensils. Sample package free. Collette Mfg. Co., Dept. 707-C, Amsterdam, N. Y.

MAKE MONEY SILVERING MIRRORS, all kinds plating, knives, spoons, auto headlights. Outfits furnished. Free booklet. International Laboratories, Dept. 20, 311 Fifth Ave., New York.

AGENTS—I'VE A NEW SOAP GAME that's a dandy. New stuff; 100% profits. Sample and full layout free. Write quick. Lacassian Co., Dept. 21, St. Louis, Mo.

EASY SALES, QUICK RETURNS. 500% profit, selling cocoanut oil shampoo, soaps, extracts, perfumes, combination sets, etc. B. Verdina Co., 200 East 23rd St., New York.

QUICK SALES, LARGE PROFITS, NEW $1.25 guaranteed Ford Gasaver. Automotive Company, 103 Palladium Bldg., St. Louis, Mo.

GET OUR FREE SAMPLE CASE—TOILET articles, perfumes and specialties. Wonderfully profitable. La Derma Co., Dept. B, St. Louis, Mo.

FREE SAMPLES ROLLY'S WASHDAY WONDER Chemical Dirt Solvent. Harmless. No rubbing. Big profits. Rolly Co., A2 Hastings, Nebr.

HOUSE TO HOUSE CANVASSERS WANTED—New patented article. Sells on sight. Send fifteen cents for sample. Everhot Manufacturing Company, Maywood, Illinois.

CLEAN UP THIS YEAR. WONDERFUL new fast seller. Goes like wild fire. Enormous profits. Write quick. Free particulars. Mission, Factory O, 2421 Smith, Detroit, Mich.

WE PAY $36 A WEEK AND EXPENSES and give a Ford auto to men to introduce poultry and stock compounds. Imperial Co., D-32, Parsons, Kans.

WE PAY $200 MONTHLY SALARY, FURNISH rig and expenses to introduce our guaranteed poultry and stock powders. Bigler Company, X520, Springfield, Illinois.

WE START YOU WITHOUT A DOLLAR—Soaps, extracts, perfumes, toilet goods. Experience unnecessary. Carnation Co., Dept. 126, St. Louis.

EASY MONEY SELLING TO COLORED PEOPLE. Write for our attractive proposition. Marcellene Chemical Company, 1332 E. Franklin St., Richmond, Va.

AGENTS—OUR SOAP AND TOILET ARTICLE plan is a wonder. Get our free sample case offer. Ho-Ro-Co., 125 Locust, St. Louis.

SELL EXTRACTS AND SOAPS; NO MONEY required. Linro Co., Dept. 134, St. Louis, Mo.

REMNANT STORE, CINCINNATI, O. GREATEST dry goods bargains on earth. Agents wanted.

OLD COINS WANTED

OLD COINS WANTED. WE PAID $2,500.00 for one silver dollar to Mr. Manning of Albany, N. Y. We buy all rare coins and pay highest cash premiums. Send 4c for large Coin Circular. It may mean much profit to you. Numismatic Bank, Dept. 12, Fort Worth, Texas.

HELP WANTED

EARN UP TO $300 MONTHLY, LIVING EXPENSES paid, in hotel work. Splendid opportunities for trained men and women—many openings. All positions pay well. We have more than we can fill. 80,000 hotel positions to be filled the coming year. We train you at home. Send for free booklet—Standard Business Training Inst., 230 Carlton Court, Buffalo, N. Y.

$1140-$1800 YEAR PAID MEN-WOMEN, 18 up. U. S. Government positions. Steady. Influence unnecessary. Life positions. Pleasant work. Common education sufficient with our coaching. Sample lessons and list positions obtainable free. Write today sure. Franklin Institute, Dept. P 26, Rochester, N. Y.

EVERY READER OF THE LEDGER OUGHT to read these ads. Every week splendid chances to make money—to better yourself—to buy, sell or exchange goods or services, are offered here.

STOP DAILY GRIND. SILVER MIRRORS, headlights, tableware. Replate stoves, jewelry, brassbeds. Dependable plans free. Clarence Sprinkle, Dept. 2, Marion, Indiana.

BECOME RAILWAY MAIL CLERKS. SAMPLE coaching lessons free. Franklin Institute, Dept. P 6, Rochester, N. Y.

BECOME RAILWAY MAIL CLERKS. $133 month. Particulars free. Franklin Institute, Dept. N 6, Rochester, N. Y.

MALE HELP WANTED

BE A DETECTIVE. EXCELLENT OPPORTUNITY to earn big money, travel, thousands of dollars offered in rewards; established 1909; particulars free. Write to C. T. Ludwig, 320 Westover Bldg., Kansas City, Mo.

DETECTIVES NEEDED EVERYWHERE; large salaries; cities, towns, excellent positions; experience unnecessary; particulars free; Write National Headquarters, 186 East 79th, New York.

MEN WANTED FOR DETECTIVE WORK. Experience unnecessary. Write for details explaining guaranteed positions. J. Ganor, Former Gov't Detective, Dept. DE, St. Louis, Mo.

GOVERNMENT NEEDS RAILWAY MAIL clerks, $133 to $192 month. Write for free specimen questions. Columbus Institute, D-2, Columbus, Ohio.

WANTED—BIG PAY TO MEN EVERYWHERE distributing samples, booklets, etc. Whole or spare time. No experience required. S. Meyer, 211 Seventh St., Louisville, Ky.

WANTED: CONFIDENTIAL INFORMATION from your locality; spare time or steady employment. Write American Investigating Service, M120, Bandon, Oregon.

FIREMEN, BRAKEMEN, BAGGAGEMEN, Sleeping car, train porters (colored). $140-$200. Experience unnecessary. 686 Railway Bureau, E. St. Louis, Ill.

FIREMEN, BRAKEMEN, BEGINNERS $150-$250 monthly, railroads everywhere (which position?). Railway Association, Brooklyn, N. Y.

DETECTIVES NEEDED EVERYWHERE. Work home or travel. Experience unnecessary. Write, Captain Wagner, 1964 Broadway, New York.

BE A DETECTIVE, $50-$100 WEEKLY; travel over world; experience unnecessary. American Detective Agency, 1000 Lucas, St. Louis.

SILVERING MIRRORS, FRENCH PLATE. Easily learned; immense profits. Plans free. Wear Mirror Works, Dept. 36, Excelsior Springs, Mo.

MEN—AGE 17 TO 45. EXPERIENCE UNNECESSARY. Travel; make secret investigations, report. Salaries; expenses. American-Foreign Detective Agency, 126, St. Louis.

BOYS-MEN—BECOME AUTO EXPERTS. Earn $35 week. Sample lessons free. Franklin Institute, Dept. P 404, Rochester, N. Y.

TRICKS—GAMES

MAGIC GOODS, BOOKS, CARDS, LODESTONE tricks. Catalog free. B. I. Smith Co., Newark, Mo.

RARE BOOKS, NOVELTIES, GAMES, magic. Sample 10c. Catalog free. B. Rolly Company, Hastings, Nebr.

250 MAGIC TRICKS DIME. LARGE MAGICAL goods catalog 4c. Hamiltons Co., Barnes City, Iowa.

PERSONAL

MEN ON THE DOWN GRADE, IF YOU have lost your power, strength; if you lack pep, feel downhearted or discouraged. Don't give up. Get relief in 24 to 48 hours. Our positive money-back guarantee protects you. Get our remedy by return mail. One box, $2; double strength, $3. E. E. Geisler, Dept. B, Box 2008, Miami, Florida.

WEAK, NERVOUS, RUN DOWN MEN. IF you want health, courage and strength, you should consult experienced specialists. We specialize in diseases of men. Chronic, nervous, skin, kidney and bladder diseases. Write. Book symptom blank and advice free. Dr. Meyers, 316 Nicollet Ave., Minneapolis, Minn.

MARRY. THOUSANDS CONGENIAL PEOPLE, worth from $1,000 to $50,000 seeking early marriage; descriptions, photos, introductions free. Sealed. Either sex. Send no money. Address Standard Cor. Club, Grayslake, Ill.

ARE YOU LONELY OR UNHAPPY? CHEER up! The King of Matchmakers sends the Queen of Correspondence plans (sealed) 10c or free. Address, Happy Home Club, 1233 Presto Building, Pittsburgh, Pa.

LONELY HEARTS CHEERUP, OBSERVE queen of correspondence publications, new methods, service unequaled, valuable information; become convinced. Write B70, Memphis, Tennessee.

WOMEN—ERGOIL SAFELY RELIEVES. NO harm or inconvenience with work. Results guaranteed or money refunded. Prepaid, $1.25. Dermitone Remedy Co., Dept. 4, 137 N. Dearborn St., Chicago, Ill.

LONESOME LADIES! MARRY FOR COMFORT, happiness. Large list descriptions wealthy gentlemen, free. Long established. Confidential. Welfare Club, Box 753, San Francisco, Calif.

FRIENDSHIP MAGAZINE—LEADING MATRIMONIAL and correspondence publication. Free. Address Lacy Brothers, Medina, N. Y.

PERSONAL—(Continued)

MEN—OUR TREATMENT NEVER FAILS to restore strength to those troubled with nervous, weak, run-down and despondent conditions that undermine good health. Costs nothing if not cured. Write for free book. Cumberland Chemical Co., 32 Berry Block, Nashville, Tenn.

MARRY—WORLD'S LEADING CORRESPONDENCE club for lonely people. Many worth to $400,000. Quick results guaranteed. Confidential list free. Honorable Ralph Hyde, 66, San Francisco.

MARRY—FREE PHOTOGRAPHS, DIRECTORY and descriptions of wealthy members. Pay when married. New Plan Co., Dept. 31, Kansas City, Mo.

LONELY LITTLE "FLAPPER," TIRED LIVING alone, very wealthy, wants marriage. I dare you write! B-86, Mission Unity Club, San Francisco, Calif. (Stamp please.)

SORE LEGS WILL HEAL UNDER ANTI-Flamma Poultice Plaster. Describe case and get free sample. Bayles Distributing Co., 1856 Grand Ave., Kansas City, Mo.

MARRY—MARRIAGE DIRECTORY WITH photos and descriptions free. Pay when married. The Exchange, Dept. 28, Kansas City, Mo.

BRITISH GIRLS WANT AMERICAN CORRESPONDENTS. Genuine introductions 25c. Clare, 16, Cambridge St., London, S. W. England.

LONESOME WIDOW WORTH $10,000, OWNS 90 acre farm, desires to correspond, object matrimony. Mrs. B, care People's Club, Box 84, Los Angeles, Calif.

CATHOLICS WISHING TO MARRY, WANTING introductions, booklet free. Catholic Correspondence Club, S. D. Grand Rapids, Mich.

DR. ROWE'S SERIAL 4, LATEST ON heart, kidney, urinary diseases; important information; postage 4c; send today. Dr. Rowe, 112 N. Pearl St., Buffalo, N. Y.

MARRY? JOIN THE "HOME CORRESPONDENCE Club." Particulars free. Confidential. Mrs. Keena, B-23, Grand Rapids, Mich.

JOIN THE CLUB OF JOLLY PEOPLE. EXCHANGE letters and make real sweethearts. Send stamp. Eva Moore, Box 908, Jacksonville, Florida.

MARRY! FREE DIRECTORY WITH DESCRIPTIONS and photos. Bonafide Co., Dept. 6, Kansas City, Mo.

MARRY—BE HAPPY. WRITE FOR PARTICULARS. The Pratt Syndicate, Box 1448, Washington, D. C.

WHY BE LONESOME? JOIN OUR SCANDINAVIAN Club, 2734 Indiana Ave., Chicago, Ill.

WEALTHY, ATTRACTIVE WIDOW, 28, wants gentleman correspondent. F-Box 35, League, Toledo, Ohio.

MAKE NEW FRIENDS. WRITE BETTY Lee, Inc., 4254 Broadway, New York City. Stamp appreciated.

SWEETHEARTS CLUB, NEW PLAN, SEND dollar bill, my risk. Gladys B. 232, Mt. Vernon, So. Dak.

HUNDREDS SEEKING MARRIAGE. IF SINCERE enclose stamp. Mrs. F. Willard, 2928 Broadway, Chicago, Illinois.

GET MARRIED—BEST MATRIMONIAL PAPER published. Free for stamp. Correspondent, Toledo, Ohio.

MAGIC WORDS! SECRET, SURE METHOD of obtaining anything you want; postpaid for dime. Smedley, 140 Miller, Brooklyn, N. Y.

IF YOU WISH A REAL LOVING LITTLE wifey and a home, write me enclosing stamp. Violet Raye, Dennison, Ohio.

LADIES, WRITE ME. BUSINESS MAN; healthy; some wealth. Box 894, Station H, Cleveland, Ohio.

MARRIAGE PAPER FREE; BEST PUBLICATION for sure results; reliable. Eastern Agency, 55 Bridgeport, Connecticut.

WINTER IN FLORIDA, MARRY CHARMING widow worth $40,000. Box 55, Oxford, Fla.

IF YOU WISH A WEALTHY PRETTY GIRL, get busy. Write, inclosing addressed envelope. Lois Sproul, Cleveland, Ohio.

WESTERN STOCKMAN, 34, WOULD MARRY. Confidential. D. Alliance, Box 95, Toledo, Ohio.

LONESOME WIDOWS—GET BUSY, WRITE me, marry wealthy. Mr. Hyde, Box 805 (86), San Francisco, Calif.

MATRIMONIAL MAGAZINE—PHOTOS, DESCRIPTIONS, many rich, want to marry, mailed free. Jahn Pub. Co., St. Paul, Minn.

MISSING PERSONS

A department devoted to aiding readers of the Blade and Ledger in finding lost persons.

In sending information to the Missing Persons Department for publication in the Blade and Ledger, please write the information in the following order:

1, your name; 2, your address; 3, relation, if any, to lost person; 4, lost person's name; 5, age; 6, where last heard from; 7, when last heard from; 8, occupation, if any; 9, description.

Our rate for inserting notice will be $1 for 35 words and 10c for every additional word in excess of 35. To reproduce a photograph there will be an extra charge of $1.

Address Lost Persons Editor, W. D. Boyce Co., 500 N. Dearborn St., Chicago, Ill.

Miss Cora Pierce, box 67, Shelby, N. C., wishes to hear from or concerning her sister, Mrs. Henry Smithwick (maiden name Nepple Mary Pierce). Last heard from in Old Trap, N. C., nine years ago. She has dark brown hair and eyes. Any information leading to the location of this person will be appreciated.

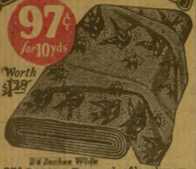
Mary A. Goodman, box 26, Monroe County, Penfield, N. Y., wishes to hear from or concerning brother, Rudolph (Rudy) Whitmer, about 70 years old. Last heard from in Walworth, Wayne County, N. Y., about 1864. He has dark hair. Any information regarding his present location will be appreciated.

OTHER CLASSIFIED WANT ADS ON PAGE 24.

Dry Goods Bargains Delivered FREE!

Bluebird Scrim

In 10-Yard Lengths



97¢ for 10 yds

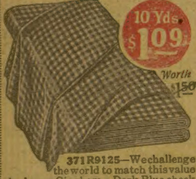
Worth ~~$1.28~~

24 Inches Wide

371 R9739—Ten yards of lovely new Bluebird pattern scrim, on a white ground, in a good quality, at a price no other house in America can approach. It is 24 inches wide. Order quick. Real $1.29 value! Order by No. 371R9739. Price, 10 yards, 97 cents. Delivered Free.

Big Bargain in Apron Gingham

Width 26 Inches



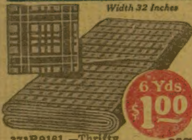
10 Yds. $1.09

Worth ~~$1.50~~

371R9125—We challenge the world to match this value in Apron Gingham. Dark Blue check only, in a good durable quality that will give long service. Width about 26 inches. Just the thing for aprons, coveralls and durable dresses for children. Sold in 10 yard lengths only. Order No. 371R9125. Price, 10 yards only, $1.09. Delivered Free.

Smashed Price on Dress Gingham

Width 32 Inches



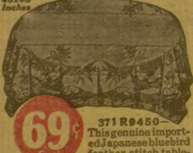
6 Yds. $1.00

Worth ~~$1.50~~

371R9181.—Thrifty women will be glad of this chance to buy good 25-cent standard quality Fancy Dress Gingham at our amazingly low bargain price. It is a firmly woven fabric and comes in various pretty patterns of Blue, Brown, Green, Pink or Black Plaids, and Blue, Green, Pink or Black Checks. Width, about 32 inches. State the color wanted and whether a plaid or check pattern. Sold in 6 yard lengths only. Order by No. 371R9181. Price, 6 yards, only $1.00. Delivered Free.

Bluebird Tablecloth About Half Price

48x48 Inches



69¢ Each

Worth ~~$1.29~~

371 R9450—This genuine imported Japanese bluebird feather-stitch tablecloth is one of the most charming patterns ever shown in this country—and at our price, it's simply an irresistible bargain. Has all hand blocked printing in fast color indigo dyes. Beautiful bluebird and floral design. Very artistic and dainty. Size 48x48 in. Order by No. 371R9450. Price, each 69 cents. Delivered Free.

Order Anything on This Page and Get True Co-Operation

Cut out the in-between profit you now pay the middleman system. The bargains on this page show how you save by this direct merchandise distributing plan. Don't pay more for your Dry Goods—don't pay high prices to clothe your family. Let the Chicago Mail Order Company direct merchandising plan help you smash the wasteful middleman system.

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Serving the millions as we do today, every department of this vast institution is keyed for Quick Action. This great catalog is planned to serve the entire family with every kind of outer or under apparel. Let all gather 'round it and choose their own outfits. The women and girls will find models gathered from the World's Fashion Centers—styles suitable for the most important social functions, and also the quieter things for out of doors and house wear. The men and boys can choose their "Sunday Best," their practical business or school clothes, their shop or play clothes. And in addition, we provide complete assortments of staple dry goods at matchless bargain prices which enable you to save on material for things you prefer to make at home. Don't miss these excellent bargains which bring such big money savings.

All Silk Taffeta

Width About 36 Inches

$1.29 Yd.

Choice of Four Colors

Worth ~~$1.75~~

371R8029—A matchless bargain in a standard grade of all-silk taffeta that proves its texture in its rustle and shows its beauty in the glisten and lustre of its exceptionally fine finish. This is absolutely the biggest bargain in taffeta silk in the whole United States! Comes in Black, Copenhagen Blue, Navy Blue or Brown. Width about 36 inches. State yardage and color wanted. Order by No. 371R8029. Price per yard, $1.29. Delivered Free.

Everything Delivered Free

Yes—everything you buy is shipped prepaid. No extras of any kind. We pay all transportation charges right to your door. This is an important saving, because while other mail order houses ask higher prices and charge you for postage, we deliver free the World's Best Styles at our smashed bargain prices.

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Every article is sold to you on a positive understanding that if the goods don't please you, you are to return them and we'll refund your money! Also, we guarantee that, Style for Style and Quality for Quality, our Prices are the Lowest in America.

Don't Miss This Offer! All-Silk Satin Messaline

36 Inches Wide

$1.29 Yd.

Worth ~~$1.75~~

371R8031—Here is a beautiful soft, lustrous all-silk satin messaline which makes up beautifully for skirts and dresses. 36 inches wide. It is extra high grade, firmly woven, very serviceable. The colors are Black, Tan, Copenhagen Blue, Navy Blue or Brown. State color and yardage wanted. Order No. 371R8031. Price per yard, only $1.29. Delivered Free.

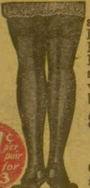
Send Coupon for FREE Catalog

Wide French Fashioned Seam Silk HOSE

Prices Cut in Two

371 M7632—Genuine pure thread silk hose with mercerized cotton tops. The heels and toes are reinforced to give good wear. Wide flat French fashion back seam, as shown in illustration. Colors, Black, Cordovan, Brown, Sand Tan or Gray. Very stylish and a wonderful value at our special bargain price. Sizes 8 to 10½. State size and color wanted.

Order by No. 371M7632. *Price, 2 pairs for only $1.93; per pair, 97c. Delivered Free.*



97¢ per pair
2 Pair for $1.93

Worth ~~$1.50~~ pr.

Range of Prices

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Coats	4.95	to	19.95
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Skirts	79c	to	6.95
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Men's Apparel	10c	to	16.95
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Please mail me, at once, ABSOLUTELY FREE, your Diamond Jubilee Paris Fashion Catalog, showing me how I can buy everything to wear for every member of the family at only 8c profit on the dollar. Delivered free. No postage to pay.

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